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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11 1953

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MARCH
11
1953

Vol. CCXXIV
No. 5866

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



Because quality and dependability
are essentials

CHAMPION PLUGS are supplied to ROLLS-ROYCE



MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE PREFER

BRYLCREEM FOR CLEAN GROOMING

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the pure oils
in Brylcreem
are emulsified
to prevent
excessive oiliness

BECAUSE

with massage
Brylcreem ensures
a clean scalp, free
from dandruff

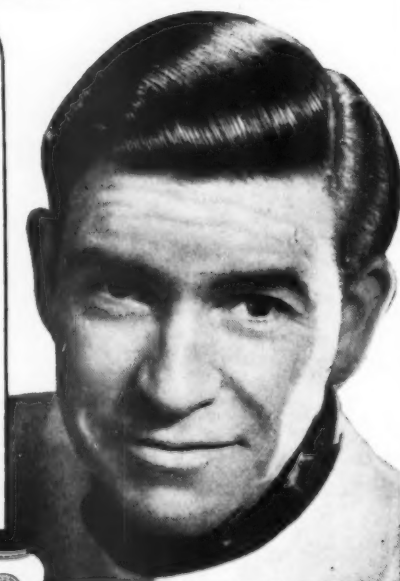
BECAUSE

Brylcreem
contains no gum,
no soap, no spirit,
no starch.

BRYLCREEM
YOUR HAIR



*Brylcreem, the perfect hairdressing, comes
in tubs 1/8, 2/6 and 4/6, or handy tubs 2/6.*



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No man gets more pleasure from his pipe than your life-long mixture smoker. And no mixture is more pleasing to his palate—and better suited to his pocket—than Four Square BLUE or GREEN. Master-blended in the good old-fashioned way, they are cool and long-lasting, with a fresh fragrance and a fine aroma. A rare pleasure at an everyday price!

FOUR SQUARE 'BLUE' 4/6d oz.

Genuine Virginia and Oriental leaf of the very highest grade. Flavour and aroma are fresh and natural—yet with that elusive extra quality so highly valued by the connoisseur.







FOUR SQUARE 'GREEN' 4/2d oz.

Blended from selected Virginia and Oriental leaf, grown within the Empire. Just right for the discerning pipe-lover seeking a delightful smoke at a reasonable price.

The least expensive of all good tobaccos— FOUR SQUARE

There are four other distinct blends:

Matured Virginia (Red )	4/6d per oz	Navy Cut (Brown )	4/1 1/2d per oz
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FOUR SQUARE TOBACCOS are readily obtainable in most countries and to others we can despatch minimum quantities of 2 lbs. British Duty free. If we can be of assistance, please write to:

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LIKE EVERY YOUNG MAN IN LOVE, Vernon Burning needs a neat, vest-pocket-fitting envelope* to keep a lock of his best girl's hair in.



It must be an envelope worthy of such a trust, not to be produced by accident in mistake for others of inferior quality in which he keeps saccharine tablets, lighter-flints and ("Gosh, am I still carrying that old thing?") a lock of hair culled from his last best girl but three . . . Eileen, Marlene, some name like that.

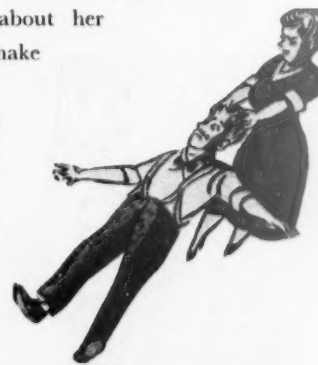
For Vernon, happy and susceptible young man,

has only to glimpse a throat of especial slenderness, or a nose

or an ear of a design new and intoxicating, and he is laying his heart at the owner's feet and asking for a cutting.

It is estimated that by the time Vernon is carried off by the ultimate Mrs. Burning he will have enough hair saved up to stuff a bolster; and the chances are that Mrs. B., proving on closer acquaintance to be a practical, hard-headed, managing type of girl with nothing in the least remarkable about her ears, nose or throat, will make him do it, too.

Never mind, Vernon. From you, as from us, the future is happily veiled. Gather ye neck-curls while ye may. And may ye never lack a crisp vest-pocket-fitting envelope to put them in.



* One of the RIVER SERIES for preference. A snug little Congo Manilla would be just the brand for Burning, our fictitious lover.



There are several features that distinguish River Series from ordinary envelopes—their smart modern "Square Cut" appearance—all have generous gumming of flaps and wide overlap of seams to provide security—and all are made from British high-quality papers. Your local Stationer or Printer will readily arrange supplies.

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THERE ARE OVER 260 different sizes and shapes of Manilla, Cream Laid, Air Mail, Cartridge and Parchment envelopes in the 'River Series' range.

★ **FREE SAMPLE BINDER**

We shall be delighted to send to professional and business houses our newest sample binder of River Series envelopes. It will prove most helpful in deciding the best for every separate envelope requirement.

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FIRM _____

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P.1 _____



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Fine pillows make fine gifts

AT ALL TIMES

Fogartys make fine pillows

BUY THEM BY THESE BRAND-NAMES:

Ariel & Swan

Names of stockists from: Fogartys, Boston, Lincolnshire



P-K 729
AMBERLEY
from
£17.5.0
(No tax)
according to cover

They certainly have a very nice place. I didn't catch the name of the pieces of chintz she was showing us—genuine something or other. She said the picture in the hall was eighteenth century. As a matter of fact I thought it was nineteenth, but I didn't contradict her. I was taking everything nice and easy in their genuine twentieth century Parker-Knoll!

★ Every Parker-Knoll chair bears a name-tape round the inside of the frame.

★ Raise the seat cushion and look before you buy!

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CVS-76

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BELLING & COMPANY LTD., BRIDGE WORKS, ENFIELD

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All through the night...

The famous Bratt Colbran "Heaped" Fire has now been re-designed to burn continuously for 10 to 12 hours on any solid fuel. At the same time the character and appearance of the traditional "Heaped" Fire have been retained. A distinctive feature of the continuous burning model is the forward projecting front. This increases radiant efficiency and gives a good view of the fire even when little fuel is being used. Rate of burning is easily and accurately controlled and when closed down for overnight burning, fuel consumption is as little as ½ lb. per hour. Gas ignition is optional.

If you already have a "Heaped" Fire, your local builder can quickly convert it for overnight burning by fitting this new pattern grate, at present available in 16", 18" and 21" sizes. Visit our stand, No. 83 Grand Hall, at the Ideal Home Exhibition, or write for illustrated leaflet:

Bratt Colbran Limited

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Brecon



Chiltern

Soft —stepping spring



Teramo

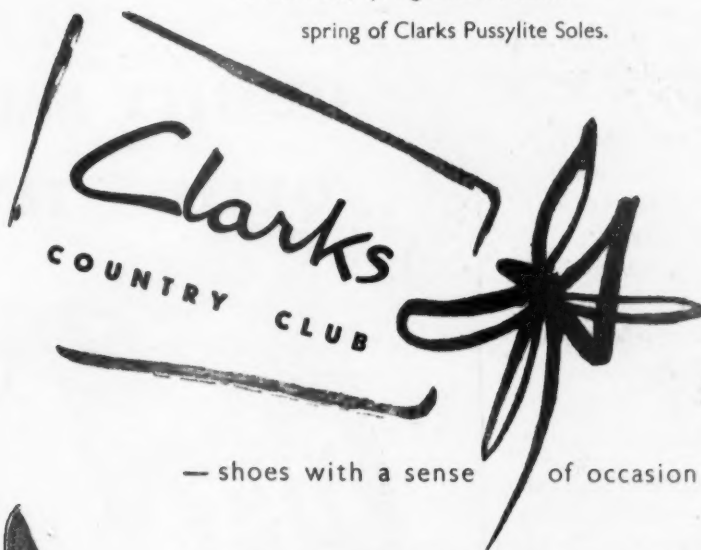
'Padua' and 'Teramo' are the new-for-spring

Glove Welts — soft toed, soft soled, so supple you can double them together in your hand.

'Brecon' and 'Chiltern' go with spring in tweeds, spring on the links, spring with the extra spring of Clarks Pussylite Soles.



Padua



— shoes with a sense of occasion

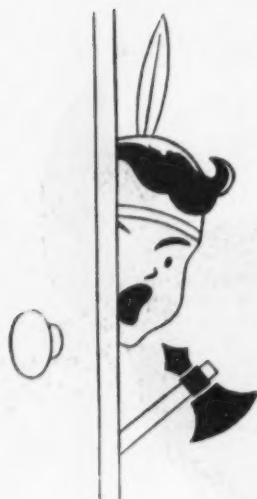
Padua: Black, amberglow, blue or cherry red smooth leather. 65/-

Teramo: Amberglow smooth leather. 65/-

Brecon: Cognac brown, amberglow or flagship blue smooth leather. Corrugated Pussylite soles. 65/-

Chiltern: Amberglow or cherry red smooth leather. Corrugated Pussylite soles. 65/-

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- "Here you are, Chief.
Provisions for today's
hunting."
- "Thank you, Mummy. What
is it?"
- "There's egg sandwiches
made with nice brown
Allinson Bread . . ."
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chemicals in Allinson Bread
either."
- "That's a remarkable
statement from a small
chief. Probably demon-
strates the power of
advertising. I am glad
you like Allinson Bread
even though it is so good
for you."



Allinson Wholewheat Bread makes
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Untouched by chemicals the flour is
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book of delicious wholewheat
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That 8 out of 10 users buy RIBENA Natural Vitamin C Blackcurrant Juice for their children, or themselves, for "health reasons". Most said they took RIBENA because it was "health-giving" . . . "keeps you fit".

A GOVERNMENT PUBLICATION SAYS

"A good supply of Vitamin C will make all the difference between that dreaded feeling of exhaustion and a feeling of exuberant good health".

WE SAY—RIBENA is pure blackcurrant juice with cane sugar, fruit sugar and glucose—rich in natural Vitamin C. Sugars for energy! Vitamin C for vitality! That's RIBENA.

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BLACKCURRANT JUICE
fights fatigue

3/3d.
Concentrated
Dilute to taste



FROM YOUR CHEMIST, STORE OR GROCER NOW
Contains not less than 20 mgms. of Vitamin C per fluid oz.
MADE BY CARTER'S OF COLEFORD



Jolly Good Salt

PALMER MANN & CO. LTD., SANDBACH, CHESHIRE

Famous for fine Quality



The Marmalade
with the delicious
tenderised peel!



and

**FRESH FRUIT JAMS by
Crosbie's**

NO ADDED PRESERVATIVE OR COLOURING MATTER

**Compact . . .
easy to
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Lightly con-
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very strong in-
deed, CARTER'S
wheel carrying
chairs are easy
to handle—
even up
and down
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where space is limited.



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dirty work in Garage, Garden or House. Ordinary
washing then leaves hands clean and smooth.
2/- per pot, incl. Tax. From all Chemists and
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NIPITS

THE MEDICATED PASTILLES

**FOR VOICE
THROAT & CHEST**



TEASDALE & CO. LTD. CARLISLE



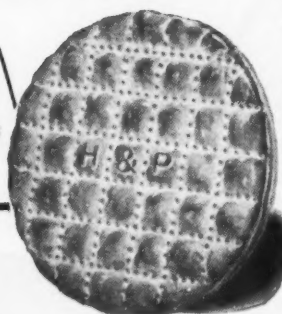
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TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

Huntley & Palmers

the first name you think of in

Biscuits

CORNISH WAFERS
Delightful Pastry Biscuits
2/3 per lb.



Insist on *Kunzle* Quality



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CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT

... like Kunzle Cakes — a compliment to Good Taste

C. KUNZLE LTD., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

"The Kenwood
you bought me prepared
this wonderful
meal"



WITH A KENWOOD in the kitchen, cooking becomes a new thrill: meals a new adventure — and what a proud possession for every modern housewife. At the flick of a switch, the Kenwood becomes your Chef! It will do 101 jobs in the kitchen which save you time and trouble in cooking preparation — and makes so many appetizing dishes possible which would otherwise rarely reach the table!

at the touch of a switch it . . .

- * mixes • minces
- * whips • creams
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- * beats • peels
- * blends • purees
- * juices

Write now for the illustrated Kenwood booklet, containing full details of this amazing machine, plus 10 exciting recipes; and for the name of your nearest stockist from Kenwood Electrics Ltd. (Dept. A.1), Kenwood Works, Woking, Surrey.

Kenwood

"YOUR SERVANT MADAM!"

The World's Most Versatile Kitchen Help

this man's



a

menace



He's a menace to rabbits of course. But he is kind to dogs and horses and quite tolerant of children. We think, too, that he is a man of good taste—an inference which is supported by the fact that he is wearing a Drescott norfolk. For the man who spends much time in woods and fields, this jacket is a most sensible choice. Carefully tailored in hard wearing tweeds, it will take a lot of wear and give the wearer a lot of comfort. Good stores in London's West End and throughout the country stock Drescott Clothes—look

for the Drescott showcard in the window. Should you have any difficulty in finding your Drescott retailer, please drop us a line and we will gladly send you his address.

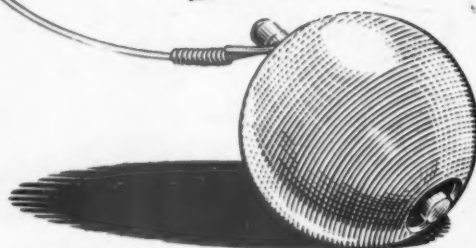


an announcement by

DRESCOTT CLOTHES LTD of DUDLEY
in the county of Worcester.

Throwing a hammer may not be everyone's idea of fun but everyone who throws a hammer does so with evident enjoyment—and nearly everyone knows that the right people for this and every other sport are, of course —

Lillywhites



LILLYWHITES LTD., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON S.W.1, and at BOURNEMOUTH.



Long feet, short feet, square feet and pointed feet.
Aesthetic feet, athletic feet and feet that do not scan.

For these and more there are specially numbered Church's lasts. If yours is No. 73, so is the 'Provost' shoe.

It will keep its good looks and you in comfort, for years.

Church's

famous English shoes

From shops accredited as Church's Agents. Please write for nearest address to
CHURCH & CO. LTD., DUKE STREET, NORTHAMPTON
A full range is held by Babers of 299 Oxford Street, London, W.1

... great news



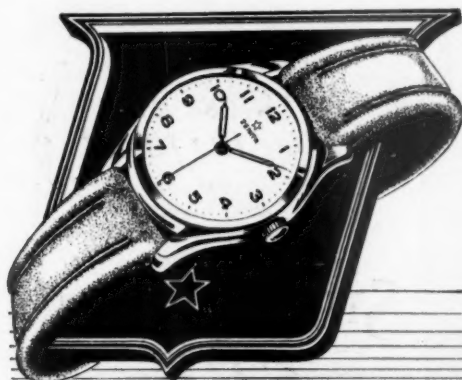
for dogs!



Better-than-ever formula, dogs-can't-resist-it flavour—that's the new **Bob Martin's**. Containing Vitamins A, B and D with the concentrated nutrients of whole natural liver, Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets are the way to tiptop health and vitality for your dog, and...

...that's Bob Martin condition!

From chemists and pet shops, 10d. and 2/-



*The
Better
Watch*

HOLD THE RECORDS

for WRIST (30mm) and POCKET WATCHES
at Neuchatel Observatory, Switzerland.



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ZENITH WATCH CO. (GT. BRITAIN) LTD

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ask your local
ZENITH agent
or write to us
for his name

THAMES BOARD MILLS LTD.

manufacturers of "Thames Board" and "Fiberite" Packing Cases

have pleasure in announcing that

THEIR PLANT AT
PURFLEET, ESSEX

is in

PRODUCTION AGAIN

after the recent floods



*The Company wishes to thank the many
friends who offered help and encouragement
during the time of difficulty.*



A handsome tan and an air of utter contentment is the sign by which you can't fail to recognise, any time between April and October, those who chose one of France's 350 seaside resorts for their holidays.

We can't make any promises about mermaids, but short of that you will find everything there which makes a seaside holiday memorably enjoyable, from perfect bathing to perfect food.

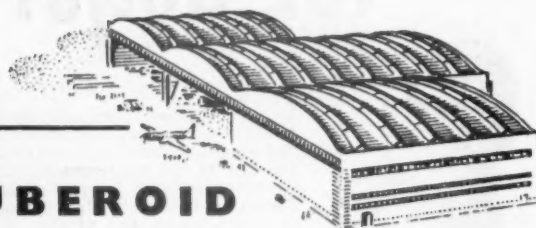
Prices are lower, travel is easier, before and after the Summer peak.

Consult your TRAVEL AGENT, or apply for the "Seaside Resorts" folder S.10 to the
FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE
179, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

A Home — fit for Giants to live in!

When you build a roof to cover the giants of the air, you are talking in acres. The roof of the Bristol Brabazon Hangar, for instance, runs to over 6 acres spread across 3 huge spans, a type of construction made possible by the lightness and strength of the Ruberoid Insulated Metal Roof Deck.

Think of the prohibitive weight of such a roof in any other material. Think of the achievement in providing lasting weather protection to such a surface under all extremes of temperature. Then think of Ruberoid the next time you are building a home for a giant—or anything else, for that matter.



RUBEROID ROOFING

THE RUBEROID CO. LTD., 167 Commonwealth House, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1



*For those who
prefer the finest*

**STATE EXPRESS
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*The Best Cigarettes
in the World*



The House of STATE EXPRESS. 210 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

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LEAPS INTO THE LEAD!

Motorists everywhere acclaim the superlative quality of **Esso Extra**—star product of Europe's most modern refinery at Fawley near Southampton.

From the moment you fill up with **Esso Extra** you will feel a tremendous improvement—smooth silent power, no knock, easier starting, more miles per gallon—and **Esso Extra** is kinder to your engine.

Call in at your **Esso Dealer** today and treat yourself to miles and miles of **Extra** Happy Motoring.



EXTRA ANTI-KNOCK • EXTRA MILES PER GALLON • EXTRA ACCELERATION
EXTRA EASY STARTING • EXTRA POWER • EXTRA ENGINE CLEANLINESS

YOU CAN TRY THIS EXCITING CAR NOW

The outright win of the Zephyr 6 at Monte Carlo is convincing proof of its reliability, safety, comfort and outstanding performance. It has superb handling qualities which you can enjoy only by driving it yourself. Ford Dealers everywhere are giving trial runs—write to us and we will arrange one for you—free and without obligation. They and we want you to be able to tell your friends about this brilliant British car—the Ford Zephyr—the lowest-priced *family saloon* and the smallest engined car to win the Monte Carlo Rally for over 20 years. Write to us today for *your* trial run.

Zephyr 6

Monte Carlo Rally Winner



ZEPHYR-SIX £532 PLUS PURCHASE TAX £297.1.1



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MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED

Ford 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The best at lowest cost



CHARIVARIA

DENIALS by Mr. Deakin and others of any split in the Socialist ranks are lent weight by reports that the editorial staff of *Tribune*, hearing of the Labour Party Executive's quandary over what the proposed new weekly paper is to be called, are helpfully getting out a selection of names.



British crowds, said to be the best-disciplined in the world, were impressed by the well-drilled slogan work of last week's Teheran mobs, reported in the Press to

have shouted, ten thousand strong, "Dr. Moussadek must apologize to the Shah," "Governments come and go but the Shah lives for ever," and (a day later), "We want the Shah to support Moussadek and not play into the hands of his enemies." However, Britain can hold her own even in this, judging by the opening of a *News of the World* sports article: "'So this is the wonder team from Highbury, the League-and-Cup-double hunters—where are they?' shouted the crowd at Blackpool in the Cup rehearsal . . ."

Officials of the Association for Tall Women have received with some concern the Cambridge report that Sir Lionel Whitby, speaking of a proposed new college, described it as "a new autonomous foundation for women of limited size."

Renewed controversy on the desirability of a Channel Tunnel throws up the incidental news that abundant oil and uranium deposits exist under the sea-bed between England and France. On the desirability of these there is no controversy to speak of, and once the word gets round to prospectors on both sides it looks as if the anti-Tunnellers might as well accept the inevitable.

A correspondent from the North reports that the present sales slogan of both the *Scottish Herald* and the *Scottish Daily Express* is "Scotland's Greatest Newspaper." He does not say whether, for once, *The Scotsman* sees the joke.

Mrs. Mann's disclosure, in the House, that as a child she stole a potted plant, has come as a grave shock to a nation which demands a blameless private life in its rulers. We understand that the hon. lady will let the sensation die down before launching on a further confession, namely, that in likening the Front Bench during an earlier debate to a "bunch of extinct volcanoes" she pinched the image from Mr. Benjamin Disraeli.

Critics Evenly Matched at Leicester

"Like the russet leaves of autumn they continue to fall before the flailing fists of Randolph Turpin . . . This was, in my opinion, the most brilliant display Turpin has given us for a long time. For sheer science of the game it could not be bettered, and only the magnificent courage of the South African enabled him to last the distance. Indeed, I am torn between adulation for Turpin's superlative ability and the . . ."

Fight report, News Chronicle

"With so little really to beat, Turpin made difficulties where none existed, moved slowly into the attack, showed a few quite classical defensive moves, but generally was as little like a world champion as he was in his early novice days. Before the fight he fidgeted nervously in his corner. When Miller threw one or two mild-looking punches at his head he backed apprehensively and even covered up when . . ."

Same fight, Daily Telegraph

Advertising ready-to-wear wedding dresses in a recent issue of *Vanity Fair*, a firm of Knightsbridge modistes announce that they "will be delighted to supply brides by post." This could lead to heated discussions about exactly who does the carrying over the threshold.





April 27 1932

THE SLUMP IN "RED BOYS"



September 6 1939

THE HUMAN OSTRICHES



June 25 1941

THE END OF A GAME

LIFE WITHOUT STALIN

IT is said that when Cromwell died several days elapsed before his removal from the scene registered among the English population, upon whom his rule had pressed with increasing severity. The same thing is likely to happen in Russia now that the long, oppressive, but effective, dictatorship of Stalin has at last come to an end. Of Stalin the man little is known despite a large assortment of volumes about him. Among Communists he has already been deified. They have accustomed themselves to addressing him in terms of fabulous obsequiousness. Though his writings are, by any standard, practically unreadable, he has been acclaimed as a writer and thinker of genius. Whatever he has pronounced himself upon—linguistics, genetics, military strategy, music, painting—his words have at once had the authority of holy writ.

He has never, as far as orthodox Communists were concerned, in all his life made a single mistake. In order to support this hypothesis the records have been faked to a quite extraordinary degree. Photographs have been altered and documents have been destroyed or doctored. All available historical evidence has been made to conform with the legend. Yet behind the absurd legend there was a human being, immensely shrewd, cruel, patient, unforgiving; a short, solidly built man with a low forehead and capable hands; as far as could be seen, ungifted intellectually or demagogically; no orator, never able to speak Russian correctly, making few public appearances; his private circumstances quite mysterious; an awful image of power, absolute and illimitable, acquired through treachery and bloodshed, maintained through terror, and demanding as tribute unqualified, uninterrupted adulation. It was decreed at one point that his hair, hitherto jet black, must show some traces of grey. At once throughout the length and breadth of Russia, he appeared with greying hair. If now, at last, his mortality has been admitted, this, too, must in a

sense be considered an act of policy rather than of nature. There was no reason why, ideologically speaking, he should not have lived for ever irrespective of what might, or might not, have happened to him in the flesh. He will, presumably, in due course, be embalmed like Lenin, providing yet another outward and visible manifestation of historical materialism.

To suppose that the Soviet régime will necessarily now disintegrate, or become more humane and more pliable, would be no more than wishful thinking. It could as well become yet more brutal and intransigent. Yet the fact remains that Stalin has for long been the régime's pivot, and that he has preferred pigmies to possible rivals in his entourage. Some sort of crisis, therefore, could arise, offering to the Russian and satellite peoples the possibility of escaping from their present servitude, and to the rest of mankind a hope that the shadow under which they have lived through these uneasy post-war years may at last be lifted. Even a career like Stalin's is not without its wry humour. There has been something excruciatingly funny in the spectacle of Western European intellectuals finding in such a man their guide, philosopher and friend. His sudden darts of policy have left them breathless; the banality of his taste in matters of art and literature has been a source of anguish to them. Poor H. G. Wells tried to interest him in the P.E.N. Club—a forlorn endeavour. Ribbentrop found the conversation easier going because, as he pointed out at Nuremberg, there was the partition of Poland to discuss. This was a subject which readily held Stalin's attention. It is, indeed, a curious circumstance that, in transactions with foreigners, Stalin has found his avowed enemies more congenial companions than his avowed friends and admirers. Talk flowed more easily and readily with Lord Beaverbrook than with Sir Stafford Cripps. Few human beings have caused so much suffering to their fellows as Stalin, but it can at least be said that he, too, has suffered—from the Fabians.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE



**"OUR TASK IS TO GUARD, LIKE THE APPLE
OF OUR EYE, THE UNITY OF THE PARTY."**

AMENITIES

IN my position as Borough Engineer and Surveyor of this city I often find myself up against obstructions known as amenities, or anemities, whichever you like to call them. I am therefore availing myself of your valuable space to define to reading members of the public this anomalous term.

I have met with busybodies who define trees as amenities. These they most definitely are not. Trees in urban areas are a source of danger to the community. Their branches may break off and fall on the head of a ratepayer. Even if their branches do not fall (and intensive pruning can sometimes safeguard against this), their leaves fall on to the public highway, thereby causing untidy litter and adding to the skilled and expensive work of the public cleansing department. Trees in rural districts are bad enough, sapping as they do the good from agricultural soil and lending only primitive and partial shelter in return. In towns, when all available space must be built upon for public services, they are an anomaly, not

an amenity. The Town Planning Officer, the Parks Superintendent and I have, however, agreed that flowering shrubs, prunus, laburnum and forsythia, can sometimes be considered to constitute an amenity, provided they do not shed too many leaves nor are allowed to grow more than four and a half feet high, which is the height of our Parks Superintendent.

Other busybodies maintain that the cathedral and old churches which litter this city and cause needless congestion are amenities. They are not so in the meaning of the act. All churches are obsolete. This is a free country, and if I may be permitted to have a personal opinion, I would say that while not objecting to liberty of worship, I think that those who wish to follow some religion should be entitled to do so. I am no dictator. But I hold that there are far too many old churches. One large and dignified hall, on the lines of the new Coventry Cathedral, where all who wish for religion may settle their differences and worship together, would be quite adequate.

It could be attached to the Community Centre or, with the Mayor's permission, to our new Civic offices, and on weekdays it could be used for political meetings, concerts, etc. The space for enlightened planning and public services rendered available by the demolition of such obsolescent monuments as the cathedral and churches would add enormously to the future of progressive development in this city.

I have been accused of disregarding amenities when I demolish obsolescent property, whether Elizabethan, Georgian, or some other fancy style, in order to make the roads safe for kiddies, who must always come first, and for lorries, without which goods could not be delivered to the chain stores which are the greatest asset, commercially and artistically, to any city which wishes to move with the times and by means of mutual co-operation and economic planning donate its contribution to the municipal and national revenue, thereby speeding European recovery and global security in the midst of so much stress and strain.

Have the objectors to the destruction of old houses, I wonder, ever lived in one? Are they aware that nearly all these properties, howsoever historic or culturally important, very often have windows well below the minimum standard size laid down by the Medical Officer of Health? Anyhow these buildings have all been listed and recorded by experts, so there is no further need to keep them standing.

I have no use for the cranks who object to the very fine concrete lamp standards, twenty-five feet high, with devil's match-strike decoration at their bases, and boa-constrictors at their tops, which diffuse a health-giving greenish glow over the roads. This is an age of motorists, and, like the kiddies, we must consider them first. Moreover these beautiful triangular standards, functional and therefore modern, by being themselves wholly of our own enlightened age, will automatically blend with those few old buildings wholly expressive of a past age which I have not yet had demolished. I look forward to the



time when every road, rural and urban, is lit by them. These standards are of far greater use to the community than trees, and we must consider the average man, not the crank, when we are in such a position as that which I occupy as Borough Engineer and Surveyor to this historic city.

Finally I would add that I am not opposed to all amenities. I am no vandal. Amenities are not what the noisy minority think, and the Town Planning Officer, the Parks Superintendent and I have defined the term. Each of us lives in a house of his own on the outskirts of the city. Each of us has a rock garden. We have therefore jointly agreed that a rockery is always an amenity. This may take the form of crazy paving with some rose beds; a Wendy house in Cotswold style may be placed on it if it is near a bus stop; wrought iron gates, kiddly size, are permissible, and a few dwarf shrubs; and, if plants will not grow, concrete gnomes and squirrels and a sundial may be substituted. I may say that in my term of office in this city I have created more of these amenities than have ever existed here before. On the many traffic islands for which I have been responsible, amenity-rockeries have been erected; I have had one placed in the town square, and in front of all advertisement hoardings (and our hoardings here are most artistic, with modernist surrounds), and shortly I hope to create a large amenity in the Cathedral Close, which is at present covered with monotonous and obsolescent grass.

No, the Town Planning Officer, the Parks Superintendent and I are very keen on amenities, and supply them plentifully out of the rates for you, Mr. Everyman.

(Signed) J. BETJEMAN
R.A.C., A.A. Dip.(San.), Trip.
(Arch.), Zip.(Econ.), Ph.D.(Art
Hist.).

Peaceful Settlement Hopes Fade in Irish Dairy Dispute

"Eire police are protecting milk suppliers willing to run the Dublin and Cork blockade by striking dairymen."
Evening News



"He's asking you to take Bruce for a walk."

DEATH OF A CHARACTER

TWEEDY and gaunt, the imperial Englishman,
Leaving a land that seldom saw the sun,
Stuffed much of the world's wealth into his case,
Set a half-knowing smile upon his face
And crossed the Channel for a bit of fun.

—Or so the Continentals thought;
but he
Ignored their thoughts, being himself no good
At speaking any language but his own
Or understanding it. He walked alone,
Claiming the right to be misunderstood.

He saw the sights, but took them in his stride.
He was most critical of foreign ways.
He wasn't very keen on art and such
He was a boor and a buffoon; but much
Can be forgiven to the man who pays.

The news from England being the only news
He cared about or even understood,
An English paper was the obvious need:
The local rag, of course, he could not read.
And would not have believed it if he could.

English insensitivity has died
With the slow death of sterling,
and a new
Englishman meets the world as best he can,
An earnest, diffident, undermoneied man,
Who knows the unfamiliar may be true.

The ancient, masterful oddity has left
A neo-European in his stead:
Other more wealthy oddities are abroad:
The Englishman is now no more milord:
The Continental *Daily Mail* is dead.
P. M. HUBBARD

THE LITERARY SUCCESS OF COLONEL BOHUNKERY

A disrespectful footnote to Bertrand Russell's "Satan in the Suburbs"

I HAD occasion recently to call upon my friend Professor R, the eminent philosopher, for the purpose of offering him my felicitations on his successful though belated incursion into the realm of imaginary narrative. He received me kindly, but after a little desultory conversation bent upon me a glance of shrewd amusement.

"Ah," said he, "my young friend, I perceive that notwithstanding your valiant efforts to give your compliments the ring of sincerity, you are, in fact, a seething mass of envious thoughts. But pray do not reproach yourself. As a practising but unsuccessful writer of fiction you cannot but look with some annoyance upon the instant success, if I may so describe it, of one who has never attempted such a thing before. Remember, however, that such success may be valueless. Perhaps you do not know the inexpressibly sad story of my friend Colonel Bohunkery?"

I admitted that I was not familiar with the details of the episode to which he referred, and pausing only to provide me with a glass of whisky and to take a large sip of the one his own enjoyment of which our talk had for a brief space of time interrupted, he embarked upon his narrative.

"Colonel Bohunkery," said he, "was a retired military man living in a south-western suburb of our great metropolis. For many years his main ambition had been to prove beyond all possibility of doubt that a proper interpretation of the internal and external

measurements of the Great Pyramid would furnish an infallible guide to all future events, and he had published, at his own expense, several books on this somewhat specialized topic. But one day he made the acquaintance and instantly became passionately enamoured of a beautiful young woman named Melpomene Ugstrode."

Upon interjecting some inquiry about the young woman's husband I perceived a look of slight annoyance in the eyes of Professor R.

"She was, I regret to say," he said, "unmarried. Since it also happens that no character in this narrative is a clergyman I find myself with regrettably little opportunity for any of my sly digs at either orthodox sexual morality or the church. What consoles me is the thought that one must sometimes relax.

"It did not take long," he continued, "for the Colonel to discover that the most notable characteristic of Melpomene apart from her beauty, which was radiant in the extreme, was her passionate interest in novels. Her awed respect upon learning that he wrote books was only equalled by her boredom and contempt when his description of them made it plain to her that they were not what she understood by fiction. He rapidly became convinced that the surest if not the only way to transform himself into an object of fascination for her was to write popular novels himself. With this in mind, he came to see me."

"But did Colonel Bohunkery not consider," I demanded, "that in the considerable period that must necessarily intervene before even the first of his projected novels could be written, let alone popularly read, the fickle attentions of the dazzling Melpomene would be irrevocably transferred to someone else?"

"You forget," Professor R replied with a smile, "that telling a story in this eighteenth-century manner confers on the narrator the inestimable boon of being able to ignore the demands of probability. Colonel Bohunkery did not trouble to allow for what might happen in an extended period of time, because he was aware that as a character in one of my stories he could rely upon my stating with calm conclusiveness that as much or as little had happened in it as might be necessary to advance the plot.

"Similarly," he continued, "when I informed him, after hearing of his problem, that I had a friend who was in the habit of finding all the stories on which he based his fiction in the news columns of *The Times* of one hundred years ago, it was quite simple for the Colonel to find instant means to adopt the same procedure. He looked up volumes of *The Times* for 1830, chose three promising items of news, and elaborated each into a novel. All three were published in rapid succession, and all three at once became best-sellers."

"Good God!" I exclaimed. "How?"

"Never mind," said Professor R. "I say they did.



"'E's used that word again!"



On the success of the third Colonel Bohunkery, now undeniably a celebrated writer of fiction, went full of hope to see Melpomene Ugstrode. She greeted him with scorn and contempt in her beautiful eyes. 'Cur!' she cried. 'Plagiarist!'

I was unable to resist observing to Professor R, in spite of his earlier explanation of his methods, that this meeting between the now renowned novelist and his beloved could not in the nature of things have taken place less than three or at the least two years after the Colonel's asking his advice.

"I rely," said he with undiminished complacency, "upon the reader's being carried so smoothly over the few intervening lines of mannered prose as to assume without reflection that the interval was, on the contrary, quite brief.

"Suffice it to add," he continued, "that the Colonel was then confounded to learn from the lips of Melpomene that the plots of all three of his novels had been used respectively in novels published between 1840 and 1860 by Dickens, Lytton and Trollope, all of whom had evidently taken them from the same reports in *The Times*. 'I am,' she added, 'about to become the wife of the well-known novelist Grimstack Trubsquillet, against whom, it is hardly necessary to remind you, not the most frantic seeker-out of plagiarism has ever been able to level the least breath of suspicion.'"

"And what," I asked, for Professor R had paused as if in sad contemplation, "happened to the unfortunate Colonel Bohunkery?"

"When you hear these words," he replied, "hereplied, 'placing a small tablet in his mouth, 'I shall be in the act of breathing my last.' So saying he fell lifeless to the ground. That always solves a fiction-writer's problem, if not satisfactorily, at least with finality."

RICHARD MALLETT

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON LOOKS FORWARD TO THE CREAM SEASON

Cream may be sold from April 1 to the end of July

xviii

TOO soon will pass that fateful day
Of harmless folly, April's jest,
And, lovely into loveliest,
Uncertain April turn to May;

Too soon the tender blossoms die
Along the boughs, and all too soon
The royal pageantry of June,
Passing, be lost in sad July.

Before the changeful moon has run
Her fourfold course, or lonely flowers
Flourish and fade through fleeting hours
Mark'd by the bright and punctual sun,

Bring from a thousand distant byres
The milky wealth of vale and lea,
Where by the unremembering sea
Slope down the tranquil western shires—

On fretful pine and berry pour
The clotted stream, nor make delay,
Since on some sudden August day,
Delaying long, you get no more.

G. H. VALLINS



Eric Burge

"Two egg, two cheese, and four fishpaste."

IT WAS A BIT THICK LAST WEEK

London, Sunday

Just off to Teheran. Will send stream of eye-witness accounts of disturbances reported to be breaking out there. Please rush me money for expenses as indications are that there is none in those parts.

Victoria Station, Monday

Held up here by fog. But am keeping in close touch with situation by means of London press. *Times* says Dr. Moussadek's house is only a stone's throw from Shah's palace, and general feeling among passengers stranded here is that this is not a figurative expression but result of actual experiment. Dr. M. has slipped out of his house by back door and gone to the Majlis wearing pyjamas and looking exhausted. How different, how very different from the home life of our own dear Prime Minister!

Telegraph says that Mossadeq has had a meeting with Chief of Staff General Baharmast, but don't bother to check spelling as Baharmast has just been sacked. New man is Taghi Riahi, if you care to pass that on. Also, Chief of Police Brig. Afshartoos (an anagram if ever I saw one) has handed over to Brig. Jini, of whom nothing is known at the bookstall here.

Thirty National Struggle deputies have sought sanctuary in the Majlis building and propose to stay there "until the nation's will is carried out." This may take time, as large sections of the nation who are outside trying to get at them are being frustrated by troops, tanks, etc. Seething mobs demanding death for almost all country's leaders are one pointer to gravity of crisis. Another is use of word "instability" in *Times* leader on Persian politics.

Bodger's Mews, Chelsea, Tuesday

Tried to make a dash by taxi to London Airport, and look where I am now. Will continue to do my best, but yesterday's *Daily Express*, found on floor of cab, says that Mossadeq's new Chief of Police is Brig. Mahmoud Amini who "was carried shoulder-high by pro-Shah demonstrators outside Parliament to-day." This is confusing, and bad luck on Brig. Jini who will be lucky to draw pay and allowances for one day—especially as the sinister figure of Dr. Shaygan, described as "legal adviser to Dr. Mossadeq" has just cropped up in the *Mail*.

Twenty thousand tribesmen in Khuzistan are threatening to take sanctuary in the Abadan refinery, according to *The Times*, but it is not easy, writing away from my books in this inadequate mews, to bring home to readers the significance of this move. Differences in democratic procedure between the two countries, and, of course, climatic and geographical divergences, make it difficult to envisage a parallel situation here. If twenty thousand Welsh shepherds went to the Isle of Grain—but even then the parallel would not be close.

My taximan has just looked in with a copy of the *Evening Standard*—which spells the man's name Mossadeq, I notice, as against the *Express's* Mossadeq. Is there a split looming? Otherwise all is quiet and smelling faintly of sulphur.

Top of a No. 11 Bus, Ipswich, Wednesday

The situation has cleared considerably and everybody has accepted the driver's view that he must have taken a wrong turning somewhere in the King's Road. Other news is that Moussadek is now in complete control and moving freely about in a tank between Military H.Q. and the Lower House. Am now definitely off to Teheran. Please send pyjamas after me by air, if they turn up in Chelsea—I plan to get unnoticed into the Majlis by putting them on and entering debating chamber at a run.

H. F. ELLIS



such procedure is adopted, it seems likely that the supply of unwrapped toffees for the home market may very well dry up altogether.

We have the honour to be, Sir,
Yours, etc.,

W. H. AUDEN, W. SOMERSET CANTUARY,
NOËL COWARD, T. S. ELIOT, EDWARD F. IWI, L. HUTTON, RAWICZ AND LANDAUER,
BERTRAND RUSSELL, R. VAUGHAN
WILLIAMS, K. ZILLIACUS.

The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

THE BALANCE OF PAYMENTS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—May I be permitted to reply to Mr. Fenwick Lavender-Bole? It should, surely, be obvious to all that any attempt to maintain fixed exchange rates side by side with conditions of non-discriminatory multilateral or even bilateral trade and unco-ordinated internal domestic monetary policies would be doomed to failure.

In short, we cannot expect a revalued pound to hold its own in a world where dollar deficits are passed from stronger-bargaining to weaker-bargaining nations like the proverbial buck. Until the Western or dollar-sterling trading area integrates its machinery for combating—which means isolating—inordinate balances there can be no hope of successful convertibility, and it simply won't do for Mr. Lavender-Bole and other correspondents to dismiss my "back to barter" demands as "misguided and mischievous."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
TRICKLER.

"Troops," Heavyside Road, S.W.

POTS?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—Is "pots," which I was asked if I required on a British Railways dining car recently, a new addition to the vegetable throng in the garden of our language? Or is it a matter of "*quot homines, pot sententiæ*"? Certainly, them's not the "sententiæ" of

Your obedient servant,
J. FORSDYKE GALBRAITH.
House of Commons.

A GRANDFATHER'S RELICS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—I do not know whether your correspondent, Mr. Butterworth, has ever speared tropical fish in the Caribbean, but it may interest him to know that my grandfather, Sir Edward Throop (later Sir Edward Throop, Bart.), who fought a life-long campaign against the slow strangulation of oaks, ashes, and other valuable timber by ivy (*Hedera helica* and *Hedera nigra*), claimed to be the first Scotsman to bring up a deep-sea lobster by hand. He had, of course, no apparatus of any

Kunchenyonga, of a lias substratum formed over a deposit of unmitigated brash.

The question resolved itself into an issue which, owing to the constant demands on that *sine qua non* of the geologist, the theodolite, had presented itself to us in a variety of forms throughout the expedition. If, by setting up the instrument at this stage and risking the exposure of its delicate

kind when he performed this feat, as a daguerrotype in my possession clearly shows.

I should be very glad to show my grandfather's relics to Mr. Butterworth or any other reader who cares to call.

Yours faithfully,
CORNELIUS THROOP.
The Clachan, Auchnamachty, Iona.

HANNIBAL AND THE OUTBOARD MOTOR

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—May I be favoured with a very little space to correct an inaccuracy in Sir Alban Fritch's entertaining letter on this topic? His reference to "difficulties of transport as seemingly insuperable as the Alps themselves" suggests an unwieldiness which would not, in fact, have existed in engines of the type outlined; these would have had no greater size or weight than the small combustion unit now so popular on the back wheels of bicycles, and would have presented no problem at all to the average elephant.

I am, Sir, yours very truly,
H. W. A. PINÉCLAD, Editor,
"Water Ways and Water Days."
10 Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

IRVING AS "ROSALIND"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—Irving's appearance as Rosalind is no "theatrical myth," as your Dramatic Critic suggests, but, in fact, took place in June of 1877 at an open-air charity matinée on what is now Highbury football ground. Sir Herbert (then Mr.) Beerbohm Tree was the "Celia."

The whole affair, as related to me by my father, was a chapter of accidents. It had originally been intended that Irving and Tree should play Orlando and Charles, but clashes of temperament during rehearsals of the wrestling scene (Act I, Sc. 2) made some change of plan essential, and the parts were taken at short notice by J. L. Toole and a park-attendant named Dawson. Unfortunately, such resentment was thus aroused in the two actresses usurped from "Rosalind" and "Celia" that they prevailed on the stage carpenter (my father) to saw through the platform trestles, and the stage collapsed on Irving's line, "Alas, what danger it will be to us, Maids as we are

still on the oolite shelf.

On the other hand, if we maintained both our ignorance as to where we were and the safety of the theodolite we might find ourselves, at a later period beyond our destination, but without any real knowledge of how far we were beyond, if beyond at all and not to north or south of it, or behind it.

to be concluded.

to travel forth so far," and although the audience were enthusiastic, thinking the effect intentional, no other performance ever took place, nor were relations between the two first knights of the British stage ever really patched up.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
D. W. HAWTHORN GRUNT.
Garrick Club, W.

SPOONBILLS ON SEDGMOOR

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—I spent many school holidays at Somerton where my uncle lived during the 'eighties, and often joined wool-gathering expeditions. The cry of the Head Gatherer, which your correspondent Mr. Paget remembers as "Lookee, lookee, woolee," was in fact "Woolyer, woolyer, lookee" (Wool here, wool here, look ye). I agree, however, with your correspondent as to the eerie effect of this long cry on the lonely moor; and the words were not readily distinguishable. I never saw any spoonbills.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,
ERNEST G. POTTER.
Clarendon Drive, Putney, S.W.

"CHUPPLERS" AT MISS BERTRAM'S

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—Correspondence in your columns about "chuppling" at Miss Bertram's famous little seminary will have been of great interest to surviving Old Bertramians. The "chupplers" were not, of course, limited in their privileges to the mere cleaning of blackboards, as your readers may have been misled into thinking. In IIIB, certainly, and I believe in IIIA also, a child called out to perform a blackboard demonstration of his or her own was permitted, if a "chuppler," to make use of coloured chalks for this purpose; moreover, if his demonstration attained in Miss Bertram's judgment a sufficiently high standard, he or she was allowed to pocket the chalks, which thereafter were dignified by the title of "chupplers" and highly prized as objects of barter!

I have the honour to be, Sir,
your obedient servant,
JOAN BENISON HOTBODY.
69 Borough High Street, S.E.1.

Correspondence of less general interest on page 11

OR HAVE WE GOT IT ALL WRONG?

TIME alone will show whether the rout of the Rumanian delegates in the recent International Chess Tournament is of more than transitory significance. They were playing at Bucharest under the eyes of their own supporters and on their home squares, always an immense advantage; they entered the arena confident, and apparently in perfect training; but when the last whistle blew they retired from the ordeal gasping, crestfallen and dumbfounded.

That the five Russian representatives would secure the first five places was a foregone conclusion; they were expected to hammer home their offensives and sweep the boards. Tolush passed the judges first, though he was hunted hard home by Petrosian and Smyslov; and it says much for the pugnacity and determination of Szabo, the sole Hungarian, that he managed to bustle into a level finish with the gigantic Boleslavsky and Boris Spassky, the boy maestro, for the fourth position. Yet of the five Rumanian entries, two only faced the opposition with confidence, and three brought up the rear. Little wonder that (according to *The Times*) "police had to be brought in to quieten the disappointed crowd unable to gain admittance." For, if we may trust to our own private information, there were ugly rumours abroad—of a sprained wrist, not caused in actual combat, of the liquidation of a bishop, of a competitor carried struggling from the field, of ankle-tappings innumerable.

It may well be, indeed, that a crisis has been reached in Rumanian chess. The home practitioners have, for a long while, been accused of faulty openings, of defences that are far too insecure. It is not enough in the eyes of their Soviet taskmasters that a competitor should put his shirt on a Ruy Lopez, and exhibit

brilliant combinations, if he has not toed the party line from the start.

It was pointed out in the dressing room that Ciocaltea had played a sterling game for the home team; and Boleslavsky (we quote *The Times* again) "tried for hours to win a rook-and-pawn ending against Radulescu, but, after one hundred and forty-three moves, had to concede the draw."

This may mean much or little. We are only too painfully aware of the cat-and-mouse manoeuvres inspired by the Moscow Præsidium, and Radulescu may well live to regret his momentary triumph against the Russian bruiser.

The Scandinavians struggled manfully in the uncongenial atmosphere and set their backs to the wall. So too did the Belgian, thrusting with élan, and parrying with sang-froid. Neither Luxembourg nor the U.S.A. had sent a challenger. Golombek, the only representative of Great Britain, is said "to have struck a bad patch." In our own opinion he was batting on a sticky wicket from the moment that the pistol was fired.

EVOE

BALLADE OF AN UNABASHED NONENTITY

I SING, O Mediocrity, of thee!

Not Stirling Moss's pace, nor yet a crawl,
But *average* is good enough for me;
Ambition never held me in her thrall:
She strikes me (when I think of her at all)
As worse than Fancy for "deceiving elf."
The peaks of eminence must often pall;
I don't aspire to dizzy heights myself.

I never feel the slightest urge to see
The fabled site of Cetewayo's kraal,
To play Macbeth, Ophelia or Smee,
Or cross the wide Atlantic in a yawl,
To bag the biggest tiger in Bengal
Or be a world-famed connoisseur of Delf
Or play for Sussex and be bowled first ball:
I don't aspire to dizzy heights myself.

I neither shine at sparkling repartee
Nor wield a baton in the Albert Hall
Nor live alone in bee-loud Innisfree
Nor own vast offices in London Wall,
Nor have I ever, that I can recall,
Wished to know more of Ghibelline and Guelph
Than Gibbon touched on in *Decline and Fall*.
I don't aspire to dizzy heights myself.

Envoi

Why, Prince! How fortunate that you should call!
I just want something off that topmost shelf.
You'll need a pair of steps, although you're tall—
I don't aspire to dizzy heights myself.





It has been proposed that a statue of Gandhi be erected in a Bloomsbury square.

TITLE BOUT

"WHO's next?" a blond man said, standing on the fender and teetering.

"We are, I think," said Clara.

The team moved through the crowd and into the next room and Manley shut the door. They'd managed to get the captain, he saw, and a small, dark girl with long hair, holding a cigarette nervously in her mouth and blinking as the smoke got into her eyes. Next to her were Lassiter and his wife. He was thin, suave and spoke in an extremely deep voice. All Manley could ever hear of what he said was the first two or three words. The remark then disappeared downwards out of his hearing and Lassiter stood

looking solemnly at the floor, slightly bent. Manley could never make up his mind whether he tailed off or whether the voice deepened out of the range of the human ear.

"Imagine that!" Manley said. "Using German! We're among linguists. One thing about this game, one thing. It should be in English."

"Every time," the captain said. "Language of the country. Got what the guard said. Frankfurt. What did the other chap say?"

"Where are we now," Clara said. "I understood that part."

"And he said Frankfurt," the captain cried, anguished. "The thing was *Night Train to Munich*.

How do you get that from Frankfurt?"

Lassiter spoke. "Perhaps you pass Frankfurt on mumble, mumble," he said, his gaze travelling downwards in an arc. "Anyway we should mumble, mumble, not mumble." He was right down now, staring at his shoes. In a fascinated effort to catch the words, Manley had gone down with him and they stood contemplating together.

"Quite right," said Mrs. Lassiter brightly. "Now, what are we going to do?" The girl laughed shrilly and the captain jumped. "How about *The Third Man*?" Mrs. Lassiter suggested. "All we'd have to do is go in with two of you and then the other could come in afterwards."

"Easy," said the captain. "On it like a shot. Should be myself." He frowned fiercely. "Got to make it difficult. Get something in Italian."

"Oh," said Lassiter, "you can be just as difficult in English as mumble, mumble." Quite unable to help himself, Manley went down with him again. They stood together in a half bow, a sort of tableau with a vaguely courteous air. Clara reached for Manley's arm. "Certainly you can," she said, jerking him away.

"Literature, that's it," Manley said. "Nobody's had a book yet. They've all been films and plays. I don't think anybody knows any book titles." The girl laughed again and shook the hair out of her eyes.

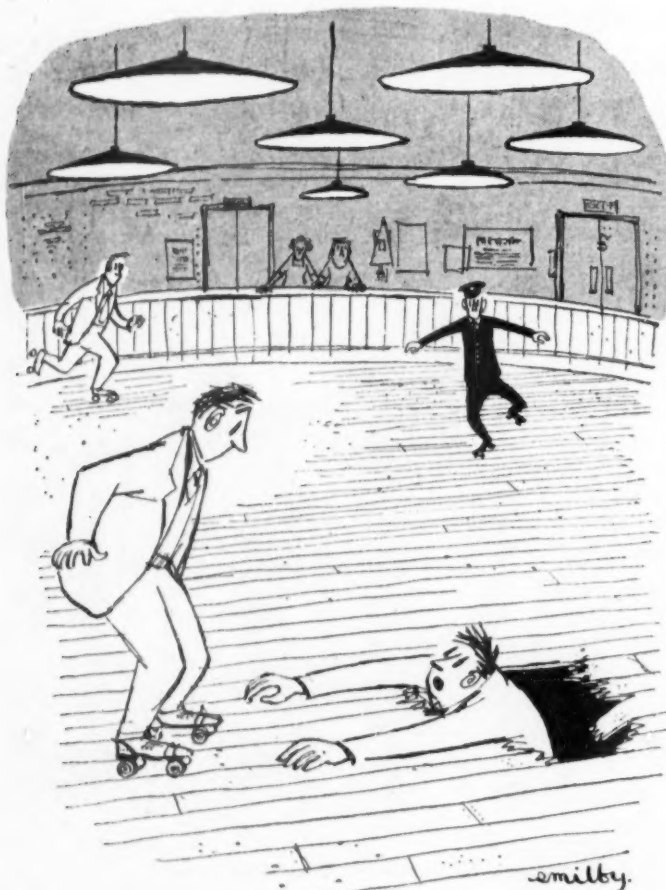
"*Under Two Flags*," the captain said. "Good book that. Plenty of action. Foreign Legion, you know. Talk in French."

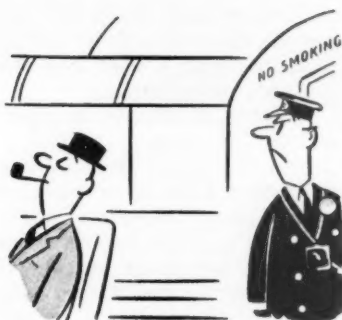
"We haven't any flags," Mrs. Lassiter said severely. They stood musing.

"I know," Manley said. "What about *Laughter in the Next Room*?"

"How could you mumble, mumble," said Lassiter, holding Manley's eyes for a split second on his way down into his deferential position.

"Easily," Manley said, taking a chance. "All we do is stay here, open the door and laugh like mad. They'll never get that."





"First rate!" said the captain. "Pity you can't laugh with a foreign accent."

Lassiter made a noise like the bottom note of a Jew's harp. "We don't want to mumble, mumble," he said. Mrs. Lassiter looked round the room defiantly. "Quite right, dear, that's what I think," she said.

Manley turned to the girl. "Well, what do you think we ought to do?" he asked. She vanished behind her hair, laughing again.

The door opened and the head of their hostess peeped in. "Come on, you lot," she said. "We're waiting." The door shut.

"Desperate," said the captain. "Black Bess, I mean Lorna Doone, Ivanhoe, The Call of the Wild, Barlasch of the Guard, King's Rhapsody. No, not the last one. Wrong." He began to look wild-eyed.

"What about *Gone with the Wind*?" said Mrs. Lassiter. "We could all blow and one of us could move out as if he were being blown." It sounded flat. "I don't think—" said Manley. Clara was looking at the ceiling, Lassiter at the floor. Mrs. Lassiter compressed her lips and stood very erect.

"Got it!" the captain cried. "Men at Arms. Walk in, keep grabbing at the ladies' arms. No pain, of course. No actual pinching."

Mrs. Lassiter looked scandalized. Lassiter gave vent to a tuba-like note. The captain went back to scratching his head. "Give up," he said.

"I think we'd better mumble, mumble," said Lassiter. "After all, we can't mumble, mumble." He

stood like a penguin regarding a morsel on the ice.

"Exactly," said Mrs. Lassiter firmly. "Nobody will listen to our suggestions." She opened the door and they swept through into the other room.

"Can't do that!" the captain shouted. "Relying on us. Must do something. Game, after all."

"It's all right," Manley said, suddenly inspired. He caught hold of Clara and followed the others, the captain and the girl trooping after. The Lassiters stood sheepishly waiting for someone else to explain.

"It's a book title," Manley said.

"What are we supposed to do?" Clara whispered urgently.

"It doesn't matter at all," Manley said, pleased with himself. The Lassiters were glaring suspiciously at him. He began to hum a tune.

"Hey," said the captain in his ear. "We have to do something. In a fog, speaking for myself."

"You're all right," Manley said.

After five minutes they gave up. Manley poured himself a drink and held it up to the light. "It's *Anybody Can Do Anything*," he said.

When they were dancing later, Clara said "I know you. Smarty. You held that drink up to the light deliberately. The finishing touch. Very casual. Clever-dick."

"I couldn't polish my fingernails on my lapel," Manley said. "It's a gesticulatory cliché."

Ovation

"The composer was in the audience and was greeted enthusiastically by a hall in which every seat was empty."

Manchester Guardian Weekly



UNDERSTANDING MONEY

"I READ in the journals," said Aunt Florence, "that a gentleman has won £100,000 in a football pool. When they asked him for a statement about himself, he said 'I am a convinced Socialist.' That seems to me funny."

That is the trouble about women. They think so many things funny that nobody else would find funny. I doubt if they really can understand about politics—let alone about economics—and they ask such very naïve questions. For instance, Mr. James Griffiths said on the wireless: "We must keep on our side all the peoples who are on the move."

"But what happens," asked Aunt Florence, "when the peoples who are on the move are on opposite sides to one another?"

Then again she asked me the other day: "What is this dollar gap that you are always talking about?"

As if everyone did not know that.

"The Americans export to the rest of the world," I painfully explained, "more than the rest of the world exports to them."

"But why can't we pay them in gold?" she asked.



"There is not nearly enough gold," I explained, "—at its present price."

"Yes," said Aunt Florence, "but I read that if the price of gold had gone up as much as the price of other things the gold shipments to America would have been sufficient to close the dollar gap."

"A lot of people think that it would be a very good thing if only the Americans would agree to raise the price of gold," I agreed in a condescending but statesmanlike manner.

"But if the Americans had all that gold and put it into circulation in their own country, would not that send up all their prices?"

"Oh, they would not need to put it into circulation," I said. "They could just sterilize it—add it to their reserves."

"But what good would it do them to add it to their reserves if they are not ever going to use their reserves? What could they do with it?"

"They could lend it back to us," I explained. "After all, we can't expect them to go on just giving us things for the rest of time."

"I see," said Aunt Florence, "and I suppose that it would not be giving us things if, before they did so, every time that they sent us anything a lot of gold went across the Atlantic and then came back again."

"I suppose not," I said.

Women, I find, never really understand these things.

"The gold would not have actually to go to and fro across the Atlantic in physical fact," I explained. "It could be earmarked."

"I see," said Aunt Florence. "But what would they do with it in physical fact?"

"They would just bury it in the ground in Kentucky," I explained.

"Why Kentucky?" she asked. "Isn't it just buried in the ground already? Why could they not earmark it in the ground in South Africa quite as easily as they earmark it in the ground in America?"

"Oh, it takes a lot of hard, real work to dig it up in South Africa," I said. "That's what gives the whole proceeding its point."

"But I don't quite see the point," said Aunt Florence.

She emphasized the word *quite* in an affected and, it seemed to me, slightly idiotic fashion.

"You say that the Americans cannot go on giving us gifts for nothing for the rest of time. But if we are to pay them in gold, which they never use, it seems to me that—for all that they get out of it—we might as well not pay them at all."

"But gold has real value," I said. "I'm afraid that you don't understand."

"But what about this virilium?" asked Aunt Florence. "I read that it looks like gold and feels like gold and no one can tell the difference. Why should we not pay the Americans in that?"

"Of course it looks like gold," I said, "but the cost of producing it is only a tenth of the cost of producing gold. So, of course, it wouldn't do."

"But if it is so much cheaper to produce," said Aunt Florence, "I should have thought that would be an advantage and not a disadvantage."

"Oh, no," I said, "the money of account must be of stable value."

"But I thought that you wanted to raise the price of gold," said Aunt Florence. "How can you say that it has a stable value if you are always changing its value? I'm afraid that you haven't made things very much clearer by trying to explain."

I fear that women just cannot understand about money. It's a great pity.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

"Disinflation is not so much a thesis as an antithesis. In order to be the antithesis of inflation and also the antithesis of deflation, disinflation is anxious to assert what it is not. But few people know what it is."

Wellington Evening Post

Clearer now, though, thanks.

MARCH RIVER

DEMETER, tell me: why not let her stay
in Hades with her lord among the Shades?

In the quietest of all valleys my fountains, whispering, say
there flows a river in whose waters sleep
love, pain, delight—O, everything that fades
into oblivion when they cross that river,
which runs between the banks of day and night.

Why bring her back, Demeter, to delight,
to pain? Do not my waters also keep
such memories? My waves, cross-rippling, shiver
against the bank of night, the bank of day?

Now I flow quietly, flow
indifferently. I am content to know
no more of morning than that it is morning,
of night that it is night. If she returns
again, Demeter, I must know again
the stirring within me of all those memories
which my cold spirit now spurns:
the blind, fierce striking for life of all my roots—
the fish—that dart like thoughts across my brain—
the unfolding in my nerves of water-shoots—
insects, birds, worms, the cycle of life and death
at grips, lashed by the cruel urgencies
born of the rising sap, the gestating rain:
Demeter, let her stay
with Pluto and the Shades, to drink the lees
of the poppy-juice, not heeding all these things.

*So sang the river. But that was yesterday.
To-day I cannot hear the tune he sings—
it is so blended with the rush of wings.* R. C. SCRIVEN





Plate 2

Surplus Stores

Clothes and the Welfare State

CLOTHES AND THE WELFARE STATE

Surplus Stores



UST to beat swords into ploughshares must have been a comparatively easy task. With modern weapons the problem is not so simple. It would need much ingenuity as well as much physical strength to beat a bomber into a threshing machine. But we are lucky, in one way, in our transposition from war to peace. When the shooting war is over the amount of usable surplus clothing left on the hands of the government is simply prodigious.

This is something quite new. After Agincourt you probably went back to work on the land in the old jerkin you had worn before you ever set out. Even after later wars—Marlborough's or Wellington's—the clothes worn in battle were unlikely to be carried over into civil life. Uniforms, especially gaudy uniforms, would look odd in any kind of civvy street. Even in the war before the last it was merely a matter of an occasional trench-coat or British warm, or a pair of puttees worn (goodness knows why!) for climbing Helvellyn. It was only after the last conflict that there was such a surplus of war material that it began to have a noticeable effect on civilian dress.

The reason, of course, is that we have recently concluded the only war of modern times that was not fought in uniform, not fought, that is, in anything George IV would recognize as a uniform. It was fought in *sports clothes*; the battle blouse was a lumber jacket, and the only useful cap (the headgear of the German Afrika Korps) was a skiing cap. Flying kit was an adaptation of Shackleton's outfit: it was never a uniform at all. And so for the first time clothing no longer needed for war could be used for peace, especially for sport, without even the need to cut off fancy buttons.

After the Kaiser's war you might go on wearing your old British warm for a while; you might even have it dyed. But it never occurred to you to buy another of the same pattern. But now British warms—quite new ones—can be seen seven years after. They say that cunning tailors will even punch a pair of holes in the shoulder straps where a crown might have been.

The duffle-coat is an even stranger portent. Duffle-coats are everywhere, and perhaps for the first time in British history you can see a man who obviously prides himself on his appearance dressed in a town suit and a bowler hat—and on top of it all a rough smock-like garment with a hood and rope-and-toggle fastening. Sometimes the coat has been dyed, its natural beige tint transformed into dark blue, but the crude, though efficient, fastenings remain.

Women have adopted the duffle-coat too and usually wear it with the new tapering pantaloons in some brilliant colour, sometimes crimson. The shops, accepting the duffle-coat as fashion, have begun to display modifications, doubtfully more beautiful and certainly less useful than the original. The trade version is tighter, and the hood fits closely round the head, but all the other elements are retained, including the fastenings and the colour.

The battle-dress blouse is now, in various forms, a commonplace of the golf-course, and the motorist, and even more the motor-cyclist, can find in Surplus Stores a whole collection of useful garments. There is, in fact, no great difference between the dress of Army lorry drivers and civilian lorry drivers. All that the war has done is to provide a uniform range. The sleeveless leather coat is an excellent invention which, incidentally, takes us right back to the Tudors. Henry VIII's overcoat was more grandiose and costly but its shape was essentially the same. Motor-cyclists have also seized upon flying kit and found that the airman's kapok-filled jacket is just the thing for high speed on the Great North Road.

So far everything we have mentioned has been designed for warmth, but fortunately the Army saw service in the tropics, and as we occasionally have hot days in England, khaki shirts and shorts are adopted for civilian purposes, and the outfit of the Desert Rats goes hiking without any incongruity over the Yorkshire moors. The haversacks and packs come in useful too, and if the war itself was no picnic it provided a mass of useful equipment for the picnics of peace.

All this marks a veritable revolution in the history of male attire. For so long men's clothes have been *deliberately* uncomfortable as if to show that their wearers did not intend, and had no need, to soil their hands with work. Whatever our conscious minds may think of the Dignity of Labour, our unconscious will have none of it. In general any useful garment invented for hard wear (like the corduroy trousers of the navy) has never had the slightest influence on fashion. But what cannot get by as a garment for work can sometimes get by as a garment for play. Forget that it was ever used by the toiler; call it a sports costume, and it takes its place on the moving band which has gradually transformed the hunting coat of 1780 into the "full evening dress" of to-day.

This seems to be the inevitable way in which men's fashions "work," and if that is so then the wide use of Surplus Stores is of the greatest possible interest, for we can see in them, in embryo, the dress of the future. They are now in a transitional stage, and even so are not without their charm. They help us to escape from the class-consciousness of male clothes into a world of camaraderie: an echo of the comradeship of war. They bring to the Brighton Road a memory of other roads from Normandy to the Rhine, and from Cairo to Tunis, and at the corner of Bond Street and Piccadilly there is a sudden tang of the sea.

JAMES LAVER

THE SWOLLEN STATE

IT is good to see private Members' Fridays, with Bills, good and bad, filling the House and hitting the headlines again. See what high and prickly problems have recently been attempted—the Press, Flogging, Sunday Observance. One day, perhaps, some brave “unofficial” Member may tackle Betting itself. All these activities may end in no great addition to the Statute Book, but that was never the whole point of private Fridays. On these queer days odd plans and problems may be knocked about and put back in the cupboard: but at least they have an airing. What is more, Members of opposing Parties can work in happy harness for a change, and together say “Boo!” to Governments and Whips.

On the opening day of the new Parliament of 1945, when the Government proposed to pinch all private Members' time once more, a fairly old hand said: “Private Members' Bills also bring about a charming camaraderie between the Members of one party and another.” The Government benches, the crowded and justly triumphant ranks of Labour, laughed heartily. “Camaraderie with Tories?”—they could not imagine it. Now all know better. For the next three years, though they were years of peace, Mr. Herbert Morrison, as Leader of the House, ruggedly refused to give back a single minute to the private Members. He used many expressions which suggested that in his

opinion private Members' creative antics were, on the whole, a great waste of time. He was even accused of wishing to do away with the famous “rights,” which most of his followers had never seen in operation, for ever. Unjustly, no doubt: for in the present Session he was seen in active support of a private Member's Bill about the Press Council. We all live and learn.

Mr. Mont Follick, the Labour Member for Loughborough (pardon—Luffburruh), is such a brave and perky little robin, that no Christian column could begrudge him a worm or two. This column respects as well the sincerity and earnestness of Mr. I. J. Pitman (Bath—Conservative), his faithful ally in the Simplified Spelling War. In 1949 they failed by 3 votes only to secure a Second Reading for a Bill that was charged with arrogance and alarming compulsory powers (171 Members voted). Now, by 12 votes (in a total lobby of 118) they have got a Second Reading for a much more modest proposal, in which the accent is on inquiry and experiment: and even those who doctrinally detest them must give them a sporting, or Tuscan, cheer. But, except in tactics, they do not seem to have changed at all. The attack is more stealthy, but the ammunition is sadly the same.

By the way, will all the uncountable readers—and a good many newspaper writers—note that private Members' Bills are *not* properly described as “private” Bills? Even the expression “private Member” is not strictly correct. Everyone uses it, this column included: but you will not find it in Erskine May—or not, at least, in this column's aged edition (the twelfth). That great man always spoke of “unofficial” Members. Whether you call Mr. Follick a “private” or an “unofficial” Member, a Bill that he presents is as much a “public” Bill as a Bill presented by the Minister of Education. It goes through precisely the same stages of procedure as a Government Bill: and, if it becomes

law (which heaven forbid!) it will appear in the same Statute Book.

A “Bill, Private” is something quite different. “The object of a public bill,” says the House of Commons Manual of Procedure, “is to alter the general law. The object of a private bill is to alter the law relating to some particular locality, or to confer rights on or relieve from liability some particular person or body of persons.” A private Bill is the kind of thing the L.C.C. put up when they want to drive an unnecessary and tiresome new road through the only quiet and comely parts of Hammersmith. All sorts of special rules apply to it: it is discussed in secret corners in the mornings, with counsel and witnesses and what-not, and, unless there is some special row, is never discussed on the “floor of the House” at all.

It is important to understand this distinction, and to use the right language about it, for this reason: that “private” has become in the minds of Ministers, in the Age of the Swollen State, almost a derogatory term. “Private,” they think, and suggest, means something small, obtrusive, perhaps, but unimportant beside their own great “public,” “social,” or “national” proposals. Anything with this mean label can be pushed aside with impunity. This is all wrong. An unofficial Member's public Bill has the same weight and force as an official Member's public Bill: and very often it has much more sense to it. What is more, in the old days nearly all the public Bills were presented by unofficial Members. Let all Back Benchers remember, and insist upon, these wholesome truths in any argument that may unhappily arise with any Treasury Bench. Is all this clear? Very well—you may go now.

A. P. H.



“Two older lions in the cage, used for travelling only and measuring twenty feet by four and a half feet, took no part in the attack.”—*Daily Record*

Waiting for someone their own size, perhaps.



JAMAICAN SHORE

HERE we are on the north shore of Jamaica. The sun is warm, the scenery is palm tree postcard, no reptiles, no mosquitoes and the sharks are guaranteed not to bite. Our room opens immediately on to a night-scented jasmine bush and one can lie in bed and watch a pair of mocking-birds building their nest. One wakes at half past six because it is light and warm, and because one hears the native fishermen rowing their canoes, wood upon wood, a pleasant sound. The north shore is the fashionable shore; immediately on our right is a ruined Methodist chapel and at a decent interval Noël Coward, usually entertaining other stage celebrities. He is called before dawn and works till eleven. After that he is free to enjoy the fruits of success, which include attending every party on the island. The *West Indian Review* devotes many paragraphs to his activities; he is one of the biggest fish in Jamaica. On our left is a romantic banana port, where they load dark-green bananas on dark-red fishing boats and row them by the light of flares to the merchant ship waiting beyond the reef to take them to England.

And then beyond, every five or ten miles, is a mushroom growth of hotels until one reaches smooth-sanded, perfect-climated Montego Bay. Lord Beaverbrook is the grandest resident; he lives with a pretty granddaughter, a secretary and a dictaphone. His flair for comfort is not as great as his flair for newspapers; the beds are hard, the mosquito-netting just too large, all night long cannibal mosquitoes shrill their battle chant, and in the

morning one is itching and poek-marked. Midway between here and Montego, on a salubrious hill, is Prospect, the house in which Winston Churchill spent his holiday.

Invigorated by the sunshine, Mr. Churchill conceived a passion to play polo just once more; wife, daughters and son-in-law were appalled and a family scuffle ensued in which Mr. Soames was routed and the Prime Minister stumped angrily to bed demanding that the local polo champ should attend him at ten o'clock with a choice of sticks. Nature luckily intervened, for it immediately started to rain. Champ and sticks arrived, but by midday the polo ground was flooded and the great man frustrated by the elements. The following morning the weather was halcyon, but Mr. C. was happily engaged painting a picture for the Academy and the whim was forgotten.

The Jamaicans who work for the bauxite company are covered with red dust, those who work for concrete are covered with white dust. The concrete is a British activity, but alas, no capital was forthcoming for bauxite, and the rich deposits belong to Kaisers and to Reynolds, the American aluminium king. On the north shore Reynolds has built vast silver cylinders, a funicular railway and a picturesque wooden dock. It was opened during Mr. Churchill's visit, with a lush luncheon and an evening party at the very grand hotel named Tower Isle. Tower Isle resembles an earthed Atlantic liner, O.K. for the Atlantic but depressing on a Caribbean shore. During the celebrations a journalist asked an official what labour the new factory would employ, and was astounded when they told her "only three hundred and fifty, and we don't want any publicity."

One can distinguish each section of the population by their colour—the resident white Jamaicans because they are whiter than anyone else, as they never go in the sun, and if the faintest freckle appears they fear the attribution of African ancestors. The tourists are recognizable because they hurriedly

acquire the deepest tan to impress less favoured neighbours on their return home. The blue-black is known to make the most faithful servant, and in between range the quadroons and octoroons of romantic fiction.

There is no winter here; more flowers bloom in the summer months and the temperature rises, but in February the trees are covered with little orchids and the humming birds make nests the size of walnuts throughout the year. The food is highly seasoned and delicious if you like peppers and beans. Curried goat is a favourite dish, though bewilderingly called mutton. Cream is made from young coconuts pounded to a wonderful consistency and faintly flavoured. If you like the normal kind you must ask for cow-cream. There is a relaxed tempo of life, as a brief survey of the obituary column of the local paper shows. No special fuss is made of centenarians, and ninety summers are hardly noteworthy.

"The Mayor announced that Bournemouth, 'the finest conference town in the country,' would receive thirty-five conferences this year, excluding July and August. Not many towns could boast of that record. Conferences were already booked for 1954, 1955 and 1956."

Bournemouth Daily Echo

Disgusting.



"... Calling at Downbridge, Dipswitch, and Hummingdale High."



"A brandy! Quick! She's fainted."

THE REVOLUTIONARY ATOM

HOW wearisome this atom found the world!

He was a merry atom in his prime,
His nucleus was tight and neatly curled,
His moons rotated in the proper time.

The vagrant quantum wandered in and out,
Knocking with zest at doors, and bursting through;
Then each electron, with a lusty shout,
Shot off to find fresh woods and orbits new.

It was a fruitful and a busy scene,
But held its horrid canker at the core;
Some instability there must have been,
Some germ of ruin, like a subtle spore

That lay within, and slowly worked its will.

The atom grew uneasy in his mind,
Chewed over all his discontents, until
He hated all the world and atomkind.

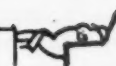
So when some impulse, in an evil hour,
Reached through the ether its disturbing hand,
It found the atom musing on his power
And ready to obey the harsh command.

Infuriate, his mushroom cloud unfurled,
He tore himself to pieces, limb from limb . . .
How wearisome this atom found the world!
Yet not so weary as the world found him.

R. P. LISTER



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, March 2

The Speaker was twice required to pronounce on the question of free speech to-day.

House of Commons:
Too-free Speech? The problem first arose when the Attorney-General, Sir LIONEL HEALD, announced that he had had inquiries made by the Public Prosecutor into allegations about the trading methods of some furnishing firms and that the report was to the effect that no evidence was disclosed of any criminal offence.

Members looked to the seats where the Members who had made the charges sat, but it was a case of "No comment" by them. Sir EDWARD KEELING asked tartly whether Mr. Attorney's statement did not mean that there was no reflection on the integrity or trading methods of a list of firms he named—and who had been named earlier by the accusers. Sir LIONEL replied that there could "obviously" be no reflection on them.

Several Members then tried to get an apology from the firms' accusers, but failed. Mr. Speaker ruled that it was for each Member to satisfy himself that there seemed some ground for allegations made in questions, and left it at that.

But soon afterwards Mr. S. O. DAVIES implied, in a question, that the United States Government had issued a "directive" ordering germlife in Korea. This was flatly

turned down by the Foreign Office spokesman, Mr. SELWYN LLOYD, who said it was "complete nonsense," and angry Members called loudly for a formal withdrawal by Mr. DAVIES. He shouted defiantly that he would stand by his charge, and Mr. Speaker was brought into the argument again.

He could only repeat that any charge any Member believed could be formulated in a question, but that Members ought to take the greatest care that the powerful weapon of free speech was not abused by what used to be called "careless talk." Mr. HERBERT MORRISON—while making it very clear that he did not share Mr. DAVIES's extreme views—made the valid point that the mere denial of a charge by the Government (any Government) did not make it untrue. Clearly unhappy about this dilemma, the House left the matter there—*pro tem*.

The drama that is never far beneath the surface in Parliament brought a tense silence as Mr. CHURCHILL announced the Government's rejection of a proposal by the Hungarian Government that Lee Meng, a woman Communist under sentence of death in Malaya, should be exchanged for Mr. Edgar Sanders, a British diplomat imprisoned in Hungary. The P.M. said quietly that there could be no question of bartering a human life or

of diverting the course of justice. The House came sadly to the conclusion that he was right.

Mr. CHURCHILL was pressed to seek a meeting with Mr. Stalin, and (not being gifted with second sight) made it plain that he would certainly go to a meeting—if it seemed likely to do any good.

The debate was on the severe overcrowding of our prisons.

Tuesday, March 3

For the record: the seasonal phrase about "not expecting the Chancellor to anticipate his Budget statement" made its appearance in the House of Commons this afternoon.

The main business was the Royal Titles Bill, which sets out the title of the Queen in this changing world. Sir DAVID MAXWELL FYFE said this was the fourth change this century. Its object was to recognize the fact that Queen Elizabeth is Queen of each of the self-governing Commonwealth countries, as well as of the United Kingdom.

Mr. GORDON-WALKER approved the Bill on behalf of the Opposition. He wanted the Queen to travel more widely and to appoint a Governor-General (and not a Council of State) in this country when she did so, to prevent the English getting ideas above their station.

Scottish Labour Members



Churchill the Cherubic



Dalton the Dome



Herbert the Forelock



Crookshank the Longface



Nye of the Fiery Face



Eden the Enchanting Smile

Mr. Walter Elliot urged that the royal numeral be retained, if only to eliminate the need for such descriptive titles as "James of the Fiery Face" (of Scotland) and "Charles the Bald" (of France).

seemed to think that this last development had already occurred, for they pressed that the Queen should drop the numeral "II" from her title, out of respect for Scottish sentiment and regard for "historical accuracy." They moved the Bill's rejection. Mr. WALTER ELLIOT urged that the royal numeral be retained, if only to eliminate the need for such descriptive identifications as "James of the Fiery Face" (of Scotland) and "Charles the Bald" (of France).

The Bill passed through all its stages. Four Labour Members formally "walked out" as a protest—a gesture which the rest of the House, and the public galleries, clearly thought empty and silly.

Wednesday, March 4

Mr. CHURCHILL, evidently feeling that somebody ought to do something to enliven the proceedings, took on that task himself, and chose to provide a surprise turn in reply to Mr. ARTHUR LEWIS, who asked guilelessly about the carrying out of election promises. This is precisely the sort of in-sight-of-the-bird affair

House of Commons:
Homework for the
Opposition



Not too much . . .

which is particularly vain where Mr. C. is concerned. So he replied that it was far too wide a query to be dealt with at Question-time. Then, as a casual afterthought, he recommended Mr. L. to study the "Newsletter" sent out from the Tory Central Office each week. Then Mr. SHINWELL asked whether the Government felt that its own existence had been justified.

Mr. CHURCHILL chuckled. "In view of the coming debate on defence," he purred to the former Defence Minister, "I can quite see how the question of justifying one's existence comes to your mind!"

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON also revealed that he is a close student of the Tory "Newsletter," and the P.M. beamed acknowledgments.

The Home Office maintained its refusal of permits to Communist ladies from Red countries to visit England, because, said Sir HUGH LUCAS-TOOTH, they were merely coming, under the colourable pretext of concern for women, to spread Soviet propaganda.

Thursday, March 5

Mr. CHURCHILL opened a debate on defence which presented Mr. SHINWELL in the unaccustomed rôle of champion of private enterprise. He spoke,

House of Commons:
Debate on Defence



not too little . . .

but not as representing the Opposition Front Bench. His view that the two-years' period of National Service should be cut was not the official view of the Party, and so he was allowed freedom to differ. There were many of the elements of a free-for-all, with the pacifists swiping at *any* head that came up, and Mr. SHINWELL having a go pretty freely too. Mr. CHURCHILL, on the whole, let the divided Labour forces down lightly.

He had already acted as donor of the feast, though, by insisting that the House formally "approve" the Government's plans, instead of merely "noting" them.

"Noting" might have hidden the rent in the Opposition ranks from the vulgar gaze. But, in the end, the Government's plans were duly *approved*.

Friday, March 6

With Easter and the end of their Friday Jamboree drawing nigh, private Members

had another day of discussion on the motions of ingenuous and ingenious colleagues. This time they considered the aged sick, world government and the engineering industry.

GUY EDEN



but just right.



The Star—April in Paris

DIVISION of aim, perhaps, is the chief thing that weakens *The Star* (Director: STUART HEISLER). It is, of course, a field day for BETTE DAVIS, that goes without saying; but the story in which she is involved suffers—as a picture of Hollywood that could have been really acid, or at least detached—from a determination to be also appealing, in the way of obvious “glamour,” to the more simple-hearted feminine moviegoers. Thus while it shows the ageing star played by Miss DAVIS as an exasperating and even boring egotist incapable of grasping the fact that she is “finished,” the story also somehow manages to suggest that in the magic air of Hollywood even such a character as this must have a certain radiance. I am not thinking of the happy ending, where the lady is suddenly and improbably brought to see the error of her ways by being offered a film part that resembles her own real-life character, and dashes away, just like that, determined “to be a woman” instead of trying vainly to resume her lost status as a star. No, I mean the straightforward account of what she does and how she lives during the time when her situation is supposed to be hopeless, when she can’t

pay the rent and spends her days pestering her long-suffering agent and getting him to pester producers on her behalf. Hopeless or not, she is still living in a way that has a sneaking appeal for some hearts in the audience: dramatically telling off her sponging relatives, dramatically getting drunk and wildly

dialogue. This is not as important a quality in a musical as the basic one of getting it organized as a whole, rather than as a straight (and usually hackneyed and obvious) story with licensed musical interruptions; but it is certainly better than nothing, and it is comparatively rare. The fable here is some-



Margaret Elliot—BETTE DAVIS

[*The Star*

driving her car, queening it—misguidedly, even ridiculously, but queening it—among the film technicians; in short, being the constant centre of attention, and in Hollywood. There are plenty of people with a strong though unadmitted feeling that that would make up for almost anything, and this picture is very far from trying to disillusion them. As a picture, it’s a fairly ordinary piece of hokum, but Miss DAVIS gives her scenes the customary hypnotic power, and most of the scenes are her scenes. We don’t have to consider how empty the whole thing would seem with a merely competent actress in the central part.

In *April in Paris* (Director: DAVID BUTLER), Warner Brothers have produced a much brighter Technicolor musical than the run of those they have offered lately. I don’t suggest that in essentials it is anything but the usual old nonsense, or that it is without heavy-handedness and corn; but it has—besides DORIS DAY, who is one of the most valuable song-and-dance girls in the business—constant unexpected and very welcome flashes of wit in the

thing about a chorus-girl invited to represent the American theatre (her name being Ethel, they got her by mistake for Ethel Barrymore, and then decided to let it go) at a Festival of the Arts in Paris, France. The official who made the error (RAY BOLGER) goes too; foolery of the usual kind on the boat, and more in Paris, France—but the result is much more enjoyable than usual because of Miss DAY, the dialogue, and a good comedy performance by CLAUDE DAUPHIN who good-humouredly becomes a Hollywood Frenchman for the occasion.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Also in London, for another few days at the Cameo: seven U.P.A. cartoons, three new ones and four you may have seen before, including the delightful *Willie the Kid*, *Rooty Toot Toot*, and the Bemelmans *Madeline*. *Les Jeux Interdits* (14/1/53) and *Le Plaisir* (18/2/53) continue.

Releases: *Plymouth Adventure* (18/2/53) with SPENCER TRACY and a wonderful storm, and that unpretentious little squib *Time Gentlemen Please!* (4/2/53).

RICHARD MALLETT



[*April in Paris*

S. Winthrop Putnam—RAY BOLGER



AT THE PLAY



Julius Caesar (OLD VIC)—*The Father* (ARTS)

UNTIL universal education has turned the last mob into a spectacled study-circle, *Julius Caesar* will always be a topical play. Whether Shakespeare, in fact, hated the crowd is a moot point, though his nut-cracking customers at the Globe must have been enough to sour him. At any rate for us his examination of the mob and the dictator has special reference, and in Mr. HUGH HUNT's production at the Old Vic it is the brute vigour of the people that lends an immediate strength. They come pouring on at the beginning in a hysteria of adulation, and when this changes to fury one imagines one can hear the tumbrils. The Rome of Caesar and that of Mussolini had a surprising amount in common, and these admirably handled crowd scenes form a rousing background to a production which is always interesting, even in the unexpected.

I like the idea of a gentle *Brutus*, a scholar rather than a soldier. He is much the most important character because of all the conspirators he alone understands the full implications of the betrayal of Caesar for the larger cause of Rome. Down to his moustache Mr. WILLIAM DEVLIN suggests a reluctant

intellectual Cavalier, possessing sympathies with Cromwell but driven by duty to pull him down. I found this impressive. The *Cassius* is harder to estimate. Mr. PAUL ROGERS plays him as a slightly mad monk, often standing like a haunted Rasputin, his eyes flickering restlessly round the house. At times his intensity works on the action like a semi-colon, but it is a strong performance and he and Mr. DEVLIN combine well. Beyond doubt the life and soul of the mess, Mr. ROBIN BAILEY's *Antony* is an almost Wodehouse character as surprised as everybody else at the cunning of his oratory; but in this simple, hearty manner his inflammation of the mob gains a natural effect. Mr. WILLIAM SQUIRE's *Casca* develops amusingly, a neurotic hiding behind a façade of affected cynicism. *Caesar* is admittedly the dumb chum of the party, but Mr. DOUGLAS CAMPBELL might have given a little more indication that here was at least an ex-world-shaker. An unassuming set of steps and pillars by Miss TANYA MOISEWITSCH leaves room for the mass manoeuvres of a play that packs the mortuary, after the obituary notices have been recited over the still warm victims. But the heart of the

matter is the conscience of *Brutus*, and this, in all the excitements he creates, Mr. HUNT never forgets.

Mr. PETER COTES's production of *The Father* is curiously subdued, missing—it seems deliberately—some of the bigger dramatic moments, but it brings the *Captain's* torn household to the stage with



The Father
The Captain—MR. WILFRID LAWSON

complete conviction, and will be remembered for a performance of extraordinary power by Mr. WILFRID LAWSON. Strindberg strips the war between the sexes to its essentials. The whole play is lean as a bone, and at the same time unmistakably the work of a poet. As the *Captain* is slowly driven mad by his vampire wife (compare the arid psychology of "The Shrike" in similar circumstances) Mr. LAWSON gives masterly emphasis to each phase of his pitiable decline. Miss BEATRIX LEHMANN plays the vampire terrifyingly, and Miss NORA NICHOLSON touches the old nurse with solid gold. I suppose this could be called a gloomy piece, but it is worth most of the current theatre list put together, and not for the first time one came out thanking heaven for the Arts.

Recommended

For lighter occasions, *The Happy Marriage* (Duke of York's), skilful froth; *Wild Horses* (Aldwych), Travers lunacy; and *Love from Judy* (Saville), a musical not about sex-starvation. ERIC KEOWN



Antony—MR. ROBIN BAILEY

Cassius—MR. PAUL ROGERS

Brutus—MR. WILLIAM DEVLIN

Julius Caesar

THE MEXICAN ARTIST

FROM the Exhibition of Mexican Art now at the Tate Gallery one tries to piece together a composite portrait of the type of artist who produced these weird and wonderful things. To judge by his works, the sculptor and craftsman who flourished among the Indian tribes (or "cultures") of Mexico in the days before stout Cortes arrived was, one imagines, a rather sombre person. He was haunted by images of evil and mortality. He would fashion a skull in rock crystal with exquisite polish. He was fascinated by the wickedness of snakes. Their flat, vicious heads, curved fangs, forked tongues and plastic coils inspired some of his masterpieces.

His outlook, however, depended on how free he was and what tribe he belonged to. The Cultures of Western Mexico (500 B.C. to A.D. 1521) seem to have been freer than most, and the artist, given greater liberty, shows now and then a gleam of humorous observation. There is, for instance, a quite funny fat little dog in red terra-cotta from Colima. One detects humour in a small warrior figure with a club, who looks uncommonly like an American baseball player of to-day. On the other hand in the Aztec culture (A.D. 1324 to 1521) the artist plumbed the depths of gloom and terror. With surprise one realizes that a (wonderfully carved) figure, suggesting, to the European eye, abysmal woe, in fact represents Xochipilli, God of Joy. One comes to the statue of Coatlicue (Mother of the Gods), that terrifying affair, all serpents and claws, with the feeling of an explorer who has chanced on a gruesome altar reeking with recent sacrifice.

Of the consummate ability of the sculptor and craftsman there can be no two opinions. Where ritualist pressure was absent he could produce works of humane realism (like the Olmec "Wrestler" or the Zapotec Head of a Warrior). He knew at least as much as any modern about

"plastic qualities" and "spatial relations." A Zoltec artist provides in a "Head of a Macaw" a seemingly abstract sculptural form, punched with holes that looks like a Henry Moore—though on close inspection one sees with what appreciative cunning the artist has caught an essentially parrot-like character. There is a big-nosed terra-cotta figure from Western Mexico that has quite a celebrity for having made its mark on the School of Paris!

What happened to the artist after the collapse of Montezuma's Empire the Exhibition, so ably organized under the auspices of the Mexican



Government, tells in ample detail. It is, indeed, a drama in four acts. After the tremendous opening, comes the colonial phase, in which Spanish and Indian fantasy are strangely combined and the glass eyes of surrealist saints glitter tearfully under genuine eyelashes. There followed the striving towards a national art that still goes on to-day. It takes two forms—present-day Mexican painting and present-day folk art. Some of the painters, like Sequeiros, are open to criticism for taking from tradition too many horrors and not enough art. There are certain self-consciously blood-curdling pictures that strike me as deplorable. The crafts on the other hand are uniformly charming and inventive.

WILLIAM GAUNT

AT THE BALLET

The Shadow (ROYAL OPERA HOUSE)

PSYCHIATRISTS relaxing at the Royal Opera House may feel themselves served, by airy implication, with certificates of redundancy in Mr. JOHN CRANKO's new ballet, *The Shadow*. That romantic love, repressed and intimidated by such a sinister and darkly-enveloping Shadow as that personified by Mr. BRYAN ASHBRIDGE, should be born and burgeon without benefit of their psychiatric midwifery would seem a grave matter, heavy with *imponderabilia*, were it not, of course, an elegant trifle, a simple romantic invention in a happy vein of classical tradition.

On the other hand, all beholders of the lovely dancing in which the theme is developed may savour the satisfaction, rare in abstract ballet, of perceiving what it is all about. Moreover there is the thrill of an astonishingly dramatic *dénouement*. It is some measure of Mr. CRANKO's achievement that he has devised a ballet which delights the eye and gives us something to talk about intelligently in the foyer.

A youth's *Romantic Love*, symbolized by a young girl dominated by the Shadow, is portrayed by Miss SVETLANA BERIOVA with most moving poignancy. Her

exquisite talent as a dancer is fused with a poetic radiance that stirs emotions unusual in ballet. As the *Youth*, Mr. PHILIP CHATFIELD lends exemplary support to Miss BERIOVA and excels in his acting. Miss Nadia Nerina was to have played the part of his mundane, uninhibited, and, in the end, discarded love; but because of an injury to her foot on the eve of production it was taken by Miss ROSEMARY LINDSAY. This accomplished young dancer would have been deserving of high praise in any circumstances for a performance so brilliant and vivacious. As it was her command was astonishing.

As the gaunt *Shadow*, Mr. ASHBRIDGE, black and ominous in velvet cloak and sable-plumed head-dress, is the very pattern of umbrageous doom.

Mr. JOHN PIPER's setting is manifestly the work of an enthusiastic collaborator. His happy gift of mingling fantasy and reality is most engagingly employed and pleases by its masterly economy. DOHNÁNYI's gently romantic and melodious music is entirely unobtrusive and provides the right atmosphere under Mr. ROBERT IRVING. C. B. MORTLOCK



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Bottes, Bottes, Bottes

Kipling: Poèmes choisis par T. S. Elliot. Traduit de l'Anglais par Jules Castier. Robert Laffont: Paris. 200 fr.



THE ingenuity of M. Jules Castier's French translation of Kipling's verse is, at times, almost startling. Not only is the sense accurately conveyed, but as often as not the metre itself is retained, or at least closely matched. Painters at work will sometimes hold up an unfinished picture to a looking glass to consider its form and colours from a new angle. Translation has a somewhat similar effect. An author's—even a whole country's—idiosyncrasies are suddenly revealed in a different light. Here, for example, what fascinating trains of thought are evoked by the changes

required to turn Kipling material into a medium intelligible in France.

How would you render "gentleman-ranker"? Few of us would have thought of "le troupier fils de famille," with its suggestion of such a different kind of social exile; while The Absent-minded Beggar as "le mendiant distrait" becomes a sad, almost pierrot-like figure. In "The Mary Gloster" the phrase "for I lunched with his Royal 'Ighness" is expressed by "j'ai reçu le ministre à déjeuner" which has a far more practical air about it than the royal luncheon. The "flannelled fools at the wicket" and the "muddled oafs at the goals" develop, in addition to their thoughtlessness, a kind of ludicrous male vanity:

*"De vos crétiens sportifs exhibitant leurs flanelles,
De vos oisifs boueux qui surveillent les 'goals.'"*

"Mandalay" loses some of its nostalgia, but in matters of love the French tongue will not accept emotional *gaucherie*:

*"Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er
where she stud!"*

is transformed to:

*"Elle s' fichait bien d' tout's les idol's, quand j' l'ai eu
embrassée tout d' bout!"*

"McAndrew's Hymn" falls completely into place:

*"Lord, Thou hast made this world below the shadow
of a dream,
An', taught by time, I tak' it so—excepting always
Steam."*

*"Seigneur, Ton monde d'ici-bas, c'est l'ombr' d'un rêv'
trompeur."*

*"Comm' l'expérienc' me l'enseigne—sauf, toujours, la
Vapeur."*

But M. Castier can tackle more difficult problems than McAndrew, the sonorous tones of which find an obvious parallel in certain kinds of French formal verse. Look at this:

*"So one shall Baltic pines content,
As one some Surrey glade,
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament
Before Levuka's Trade.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea!"*

*"Pour l'un, les pins de la Baltique,
Pour l'autre, un bosquet du Surrey,
Ou bien le frôlement discret
Des longs palmiers sous le tropique.
Chacun sa voie—
Mais c'est ma joie
D'aimer sans nul destin amer,
Le sol charmant, où tout rougeoit—
Le Sussex bercé par la mer."*

We may regret the removal of Levuka's Trade, but how neat is the rest. Is there even a touch of Laforgue in the fourth line? However, here and there alliteration and the pounding of the metre has proved too much, as in "The Song of the Banjo," where something has undoubtedly been lost:

*"But the word—the word is mine, when the order
moves the line*

And the lean, locked ranks go roaring down to die!"

*"Mais je suis le signal, après l'ordre banal,
Quand les rangs vont en plein vers la Mort qui les
happe!"*

Rather in the same manner:

*"Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own."*

becomes a trifle flat as:

*"Je suis l'enfant en maison maternelle,
Mais je suis maîtresse chez moi."*

While in "Tomlinson":

*"And this I ha' got from a Belgian book on the
word of a dead French lord."*

*"Et puis, ceci encor', j'ai appris tout d'abord
'D'un Belg', qui l'tenait d'un Français.'"*

is a rendering that misses the apparent reference to the Divine Marquis, though the final line of the poem is excellent:

*"And . . . the God that you took from a printed book
be with you, Tomlinson!"*

*"Et . . . ce Dieu chapardé dans un livre imprimé,
Qu'il te protège, Tomlinson!"*

In the same way perfect ease is found in:
*"C'est Tommy-ci, et Tommy-ça, et 'Tommy, fous-moi
 l'camp' ;*

*Mais c'est 'Merci, monsieur Atkins' dès que l'concert
 reprend."*

"O Blanc, reprends ton lourd fardeau—"

"A la tienn', Fuzzy-Wuzz, à ton pays, l'Soudan !

T'es un bougre d'païen, mais un fier combattant !"

"J't'ai battu, rossé, en effet—

Mais, par Dieu vivant qui t'a fait,

Tu vaur mieux qu'moi, mon vieux, et j'te l'dis,

Gunga Din !"

"Sir Richard's Song (A.D. 1066)," "Harp Song of the Dane Women," and "If—" all pass almost effortlessly into French through M. Castier's skill. Perhaps "Recessional" is best of all:

*"O Dieu de jadis, ô Dieu de nos pères,
 Seigneur tout-puissant des combats lointains,
 Sous le main de Qui nous tenons, prospères,
 Le sol des palmiers et le sol des pins—
 Dieu des Armes, sois avec qui Te prie,
 De peur qu'on n'oublie—hélas, qu'on n'oublie !"*

ANTHONY POWELL

Looking Back

Doctor at Sea. Richard Gordon. *Michael Joseph*, 10/6

Round in Sixty-eight. Henry Longhurst. *Werner Laurie*, 12/6

Those Bentley Days. A. F. C. Hillstead. *Faber*, 21/-

COMIC writers seldom follow a best-selling first book with another as good, but having made England laugh with "Doctor in the House" Mr. Richard Gordon has wisely launched into a fresh element. There are no signs of wilting in *Doctor at Sea*, an ingeniously funny book which is a little more than that because one gets to know its characters and feel for them as fate delivers a rain of blows below the belt. It is written in the first person, as by an incompetent young doctor ordered a voyage by a psychiatrist to recover from the havoc of the Health Service. But although the ship and her crew are claimed to be fictitious, it is difficult to believe that Mr. Gordon has not spent some time wallowing along the trade routes.

The s.s. *Lotus* is a decayed tramp owned by screw-faced business men, manned by hard-drinking hypochondriacs, and commanded by a dyspeptic tyrant whose digestion becomes the doctor's prime responsibility. Everyone on board is engaged in some sort of racket; the ex-gaolbird who tends the sickbay has flogged most of the contents of the medical chest, which adds to the doctor's perplexities, though a larger equipment might have taxed his skill. His ambition to master "War and Peace" is defeated by cheap whisky and stimulating company, by the happy deterioration in his character and the drama of unceasing war between the Captain and the Chief Engineer—Tolstoy's total score being one hundred and thirty-two squashed cockroaches. The doctor's line is that of the village idiot, and his messmates' determination that he shall fully sample Latin-American dockside amenities leads him into frequent embarrassments. Mr. Gordon has a

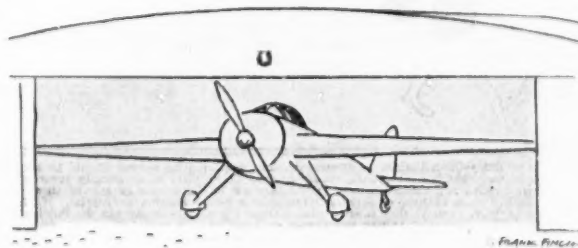
fertile knack for situation, and an agreeably irreverent mind. He can write so amusingly that it is a pity he overworks his similes; but he can pin down a hard case in very few words. This is the Chief: "He was a thin, wrinkled Scot with a face dominated by a thick strip of sandy eyebrow, from which his eyes looked out like a couple of Highland gamekeepers inspecting poachers through the undergrowth."

Not only golfers will like Mr. Henry Longhurst's *Round in Sixty-eight*, for although his world air tour, which finished twelve up on Jules Verne, took him to many famous courses by way of the Ryder Cup Match at Pinehurst, he found time to look about him, and the result is a readable travel book that has a good deal to tell us about other people's lives. Everywhere received hospitably, Mr. Longhurst enjoyed himself, and he passes on his pleasure in golfing eccentrics, in scenery and in tit-bits of pertinent information. His cheerfulness is only dimmed by the paralyzing pace of American golf and by the barbarities of Antipodean licensing. Golf, as he says, has become the Esperanto of sport. In club-houses all round the world he was made to feel at home by the same picture of the hatchet-faced player in the red coat.

Another book of reminiscences, with good photographs, *Those Bentley Days* will bring a nostalgia thrill to men now tamely at the wheel of a family saloon. Twenty-five years ago youthful ears cocked enviously at the majestic rumble which heralded a three-litre Bentley, one of the most wonderful motor-cars ever built. Mr. A. F. C. Hillstead was associated with its designer, Mr. W. O. Bentley, from the shoestring start, and gives an interesting account of the triumphs and vicissitudes of the epic twelve years from 1919 to 1931, during which four classic models were produced and the Le Mans race was won three times. Owing to their sporting successes Bentleys could never quite persuade the public that their bigger cars were comfortable as well as fast. Their eclipse makes sad history. Mr. Hillstead harps rather on the internal troubles of the company, but his admiration for the genius of W. O. Bentley is never in any doubt. ERIC KEOWN

Selected Poems. Wallace Stevens. *Faber*, 12/6

From the black and white of birds against snow, the economical simplicities of Imagist statement of his work in 1914, the poetry of Mr. Wallace Stevens has become increasingly subtle, analytical and metaphysical through the years as thought and feeling



have worked upon him through experience, and experience has reacted on a sensitive, perceptive mind. He has the eye, and uses the titles of a painter; the ear, and cadences of a musician. Both these attributes combine with the metaphysician in him to make "The Man with the Blue Guitar" one of the most impressive poems written by an American this century. The problem of "things exactly as they are" and as the poet sees them is his recurrent theme. ("Reality is the beginning, not the end"; "There was so much that was real that was not real at all.") The work of a lifetime cannot, if it is of this order, be absorbed in a few readings, though one has the feeling that the poet has not integrated ideas at war with emotions, and, in spite of a rich number of such lovely lines as "Music falls on the silence like a sense," that many poems are too uneven in quality. The publishers have done great service, none the less, in giving English readers virtually a new poet, full-grown.

R. C. S.

Brain Surgeon. William Sharpe. Gollancz, 16/-.

It is well that the American writer of this lively autobiography is vouched for by the highest of surgical authorities here, for otherwise he might be supposed to be catering mainly for a public that loves to smack its lips over human insides. His experiences abroad and at home have been so richly varied and come out so humanly in the telling, even when most medical in flavour, that only by degrees does it become apparent that here is a great man writing in deadly earnest. He aims to familiarize us with a particular operation—the spinal puncture that diagnoses and relieves fluid pressure on the brain. Unhappily the subject is the baby in its first ten days of life. After about one birth in eleven, he maintains, this safeguard is essential if one would ward off a bad chance of all the woeful distresses of subsequent cerebral paralysis. His book is a gorgeously illustrated pamphlet with himself as the connecting link in the argument.

C. C. F.

The Cockney. Julian Franklyn. André Deutsch, 18/-.

Mr. Franklyn is a Cockney himself, from about the Elephant, and what he writes about Cockney ways and speech is clearly definitive. His book is divided into

three parts: a short historical introduction, a series of brief essays on manners and customs, and a treatise on speech, in that order of importance. It is very nearly a classic reference-book to the Cockney way of life, but is unfortunately marred by a maddening carelessness. Mr. Franklyn is guilty of misquotation ("That'll knock 'em in the Old Kent Road"); inconsistency ("choina" and "china" in consecutive sentences of reported speech); incompleteness (few of the innumerable Cockney terms for coinage appear); and archness, when dealing with the less respectable aspects of Cockney speech. Worst of all, his phonetics are almost as misleading as the Shavian nonsense he so rightly trounces; what is a Scot to make of "war-r-nuts," or anyone at all of "yhus"? Perhaps only a Cockney can appreciate this book to the full. But Cockneys don't have to be taught to love Cockneys; they already do.

B. A. Y.

SHORTER NOTES

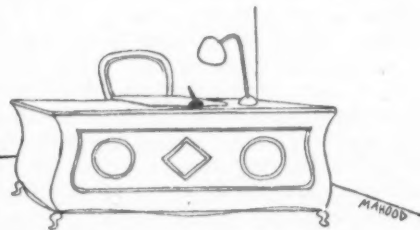
Night in Babylon. James Wellard. Macmillan, 12/6. Novel about brief Soviet occupation of Europe, after all-in strike of workers, only Britain holding out. When collapse comes, the Russian army extricates itself more skilfully than the German did. This is Wellard's best novel; it sees these events through the life of a small French village, very well described. The story is exciting and the commentary intelligent.

The Leaves of the Tree. Eiluned Lewis. Peter Davies, 12/6. A novel of great beauty of spiritual conquests in wartime, of a picture of childhood worthy to rank with the author's famous "Dew on the Grass." Wilder Surrey, a grand old French brother and sister, richness drawn from the art of France and Italy, all add delights.

Lawnswood Chronicles. David Gunston. Dent, 16/-. Owls, otters and old proverbs, cuckoos, castles and the curse of barbed wire, all engagingly dished up in the informative musings of a born essayist. Rich first-fruits of two years spent in a Hampshire village, in respectful and lively contact with its inhabitants—human and otherwise.

The Sojourner. Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Heinemann, 12/6. The story of one of those tragic American farms beloved of the novelist, saved in this instance from the depths of sordidness by the essential nobility of the central character and the feeling and knowledge with which the author writes about the phases of Nature and the farmer's year.

Alias Uncle Hugo. Manning Coles. Hodder and Stoughton, 10/6. Tommy Hambledon, impersonating several Soviet officials (not simultaneously), at length crawls under the iron curtain from the far side with a rescued boy king in tow, having found coincidence more helpful and the M.V.D. more dumb than either he or the author really deserved.



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Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1903. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 1d. Elsewhere Overseas 7d. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 30/-, Overseas 36/6 (U.S.A. \$5.25); Canada 34/- or \$5.00.



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that H.E.'s whisky is always White Horse."*

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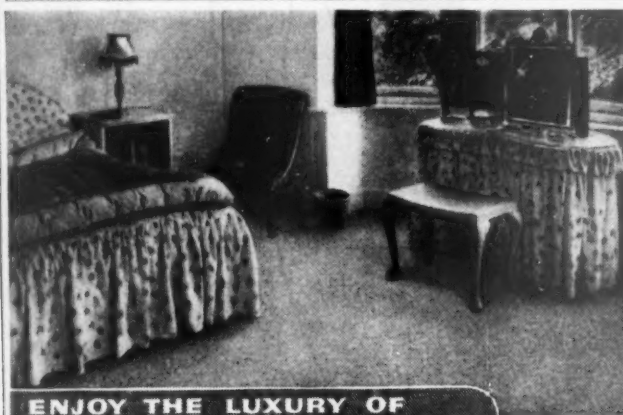
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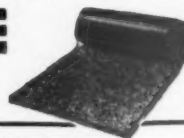
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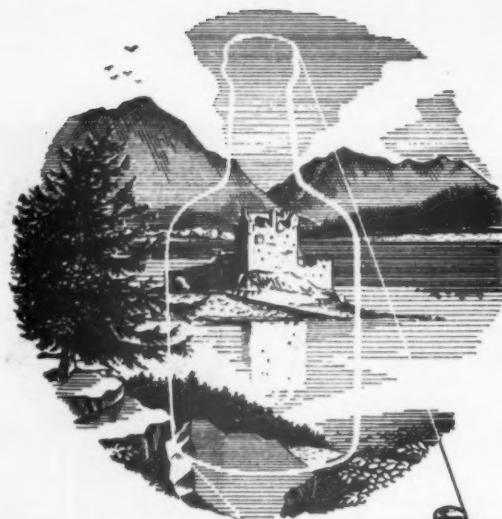
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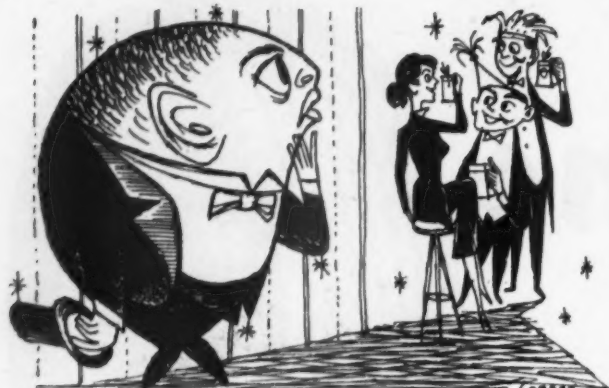
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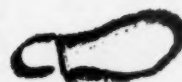
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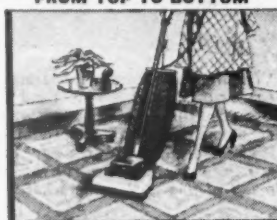
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